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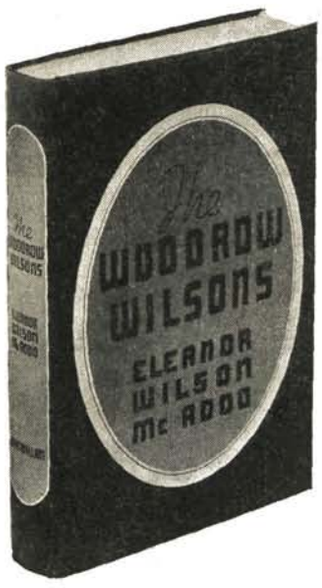


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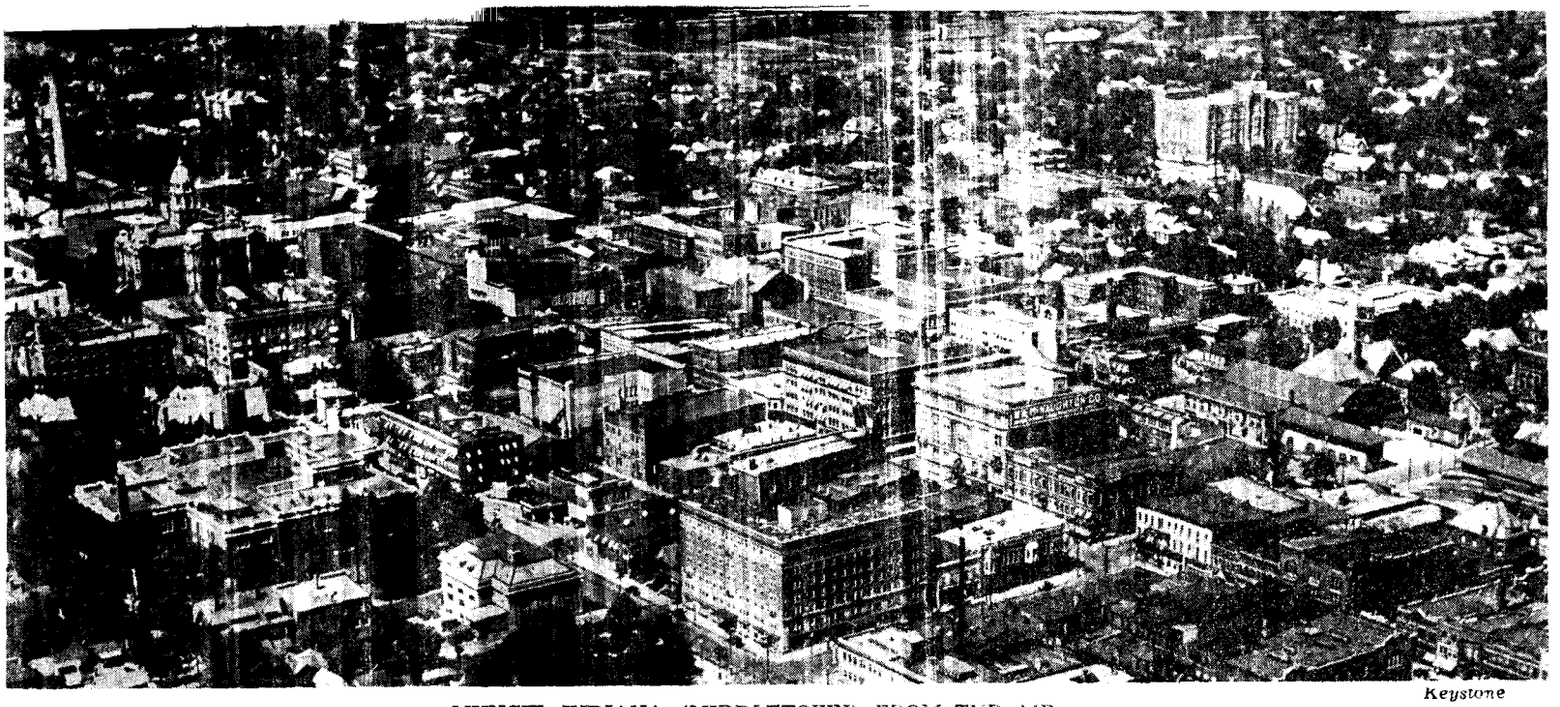

Keystone

MUNCIE, INDIANA (MIDDLETOWN) FROM THE AIR

# Mr. Babbitt Still Runs Middletown*

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

THE 1920s were the happy hunting age for amateur sociologists. You stopped between trains at Oshkosh and after fortuitously finding the president of Kiwanis, the Methodist pastor, the Country Club bootlegger, the Ku Klux Klan Kleagle, and the village atheist-emeritus within three blocks of the railway station and holding memorable conversations with them, you delivered yourself of a lecture belaboring the Oshkoshians for their provincial attitude toward table wine service and disarmament. Or you grew up in Oshkosh and shortly after your twenty-second birthday composed a trilogy pilloring the first families for their obstructions to the Time Spirit and hailing the post-war glandular comradeship between male and female with glad cries.

It paid well, you got Mr. Mencken's praise for it, the pulpit—if your publicity was adroitly guided—fulminated against you, your maiden aunts were as shocked as you hoped they would be, and shortly the more adventurous magazine editors were engaging you to write pieces advocating pre-marital sex relationships for school teachers and proving that Iowa tenant farmers were devil worshipers. On the whole, social criticism offered as coherent and exciting a way of life to the intellectual apprentices of the post-war twentieth century as the Franciscan brotherhoods offered to unemployed gargoyle-sculptors in the thirteenth.

Naturally, under such circumstances, the theme of America's imperfections and psychopathic symptoms was often overwritten. The social psychoanalysts from time to time broke into barbaric yawps suggesting colicky infants aggrieved with the cosmos, or into petulant whimpers suggesting sensitive souls sorry for themselves because human nature was so excessively like "Spoon River Anthology." But in the main, I think it can be substantiated that the amateur sociologists presented a consistent, if sometimes blatantly elaborated, thesis.

This was, to put it as briefly as possible, that the American race was attempting, with a kind of ferocious sentimentality, to go on living in a "dream America."

Steeped in sentimental history and the melodramatic ethos of the Puritan copy books, the typical American was either a fundamentalist living in a world of make-believe theology; a Ku Klux Klansman living in a make-believe world of racial narcissism; a Victorian living in a world of make-believe sex tabus and conventions; a prohibitionist living in a world of make-believe austerity and individual perfectibility; or a ruling class businessman living in a world of make-believe economics. For that matter, without requiring prodigies of coincidence, a single typical American might—and often did—combine all five forms of dream-addiction in his own person.

What the amateur sociologists gave us, in short, was the picture of a society furiously determined to look away from the forces which were shaping its future; seized, in the face of epochal opportunities to create a fuller life for itself in practically all the conceivable departments of living, with a terrified and grotesque nostalgia for all the intellectual and emotional penuries of the past.

Was a richer cultural life available to us, for instance? . . . Mr. George F. Babbitt was lecturing the Zenith Real Estate Board on the point that

> our sons and daughters [will] see that the ideal of American manhood and culture isn't a lot of cranks sitting around chewing the rag about their Rights and Wrongs, but a God-fearing, hustling, successful, two-fisted Regular Guy who belongs to some church with pep and piety to it, who belongs to the Boosters or to the Rotarians or the Kiwanis . . . or to any one of a score of organizations of good, jolly, kidding, laughing, sweating, upstanding, lend-a-handing Royal Good Fellows, who plays hard and works hard, and whose answer to his critics is a square-toed boot that will teach the grouches and smart alecks to respect the He-man and get out and root for Uncle Samuel, U. S. A.

Would it have been moderately advantageous for the ruling businessman class to understand the economic forces let loose in the post-war world—from which the territorial frontier had vanished and the "opportunity frontier" for "the young fellow making a start with a little independent plant of his own" was almost as fast vanishing—and to do something about organizing and mastering them? . . . Yet when Professor and Mrs. Lynd conducted their astonishing survey of "Middletown" in 1924 and 1925 (the professional sociologists finally came to the support of the amateurs!), they found a typical small city's "philosophy of unemployment"

* *MIDDLETOWN IN TRANSITION*. By Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. $5.

## Next Week

THREE COMRADES
By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
*Reviewed by Bernard DeVoto*

THE OUTWARD ROOM
By MILLEN BRAND
*Reviewed by Paula Snelling*

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summed up in the sentences: "People come to the house a great deal and tell me they can't get work. Of course I don't really believe that. I believe that anyone who really tries can get work of some kind." And in a community where, as the Lynds statistically calculated it, "in a year and three-quarters there was a chance for one man in 424" to be promoted from the workers' ranks to a foremanship, "the traditional social philosophy assumes that each person has a large degree of freedom to climb the ladder to ever wider responsibility, independence, and money income."

Or would it have been advantageous to all of us to examine the common problems of our civilization with reasonably conscientious realism? A great deal of the examination was accomplished, as Mr. Mencken complained, in the light of the notion that

> progress is illimitable and ordained of God—that every human problem, in the very nature of things, may be solved. There are corollaries that are even more naïve. One, for example, is to the general effect that optimism is a virtue in itself—that there is a mysterious merit in being hopeful and glad of heart even in the presence of adverse and immovable facts. . . . The man who hopes absurdly, it appears, is in some fantastic and gaseous manner a better citizen than the man who detects and exposes the truth. Bear this sweet democratic axiom clearly in mind. It is, fundamentally, what is the matter with the United States.

Back of all the fuzziness of such a world outlook was, as has been intimated, an historic steepage in traditional sentimentalities, not intrinsically unworthy or originally implausible. Continent-tamers doubtless had more warrant than ordinary generations of men to admire themselves for their cruder pragmatic virtues. A republic blessed with limitless frontiers had an unusual title to uncritical optimism, a certain justification for rationalizing joblessness as a form of original sin. Mr. Carl Van Doren, in a sketch of his pre-war thinking motivations in "Three Worlds," has indicated how America "got the way" the amateur sociologists found it.

"I accepted the public structure of the pre-war world without question," he writes of his social consciousness in the Theodore Roosevelt administration.

> Though the muckrakers had made me realize there was a great deal of corruption in office, I had a vague faith that democracy could be trusted to purge itself. . . . What I had seen in Illinois I supposed was the law of life everywhere. In the obscure past there had, of course, been barbarous disorder and tyranny and warfare, but the revolutions in France and America had rooted out such ancient wrongs. Blind to the nineteenth century, I thought of the race as having risen steadily to the twentieth and having finally settled itself in the way it would always go. Each generation would have better schooling and better manners than the one before it, along with better clothes, better houses, better roads, better tools and vehicles and machines.
>
> In Illinois, the past was all around us in the memories of old men. Every one of them talked about leaving the world a little better than he found it. He assumed that he would, and that any man could.

That in the third decade of the century this cheery pastoral faith was hardening, in all its facets and ramifications, into a furious dogma, and that men and women stood ready to defend it with venomous ferocity wherever the facts or the implications of the social or the economic order challenged it, was, in a sense, the amateur sociologists' supreme discovery. What they charged, in effect, was that the nation was sick with the fatty degeneration of fact avoidance. Mr. Babbitt was in flight from his destiny of having to organize a society to live in a machine age, and if an aircraft with the crew and passengers in such a state of mind ever entered a tailspin, they would probably delay the righting process for a more or less tragic interlude by screaming "Whoa" to Dobbin.

*Pinchot*

HELEN MERRELL LYND

There was, as will surely be remembered, a furious war over all these postulates. It was contended by spokesmen of the sentimental tradition that the amateur sociologists were criminal barbarians bent on destroying virtue, civilization, law and order, kindliness and prosperity, and that they had created a "dream Babbitt" of their own in order to satisfy wanton sadistic yearnings to kick the stuffing out of something. There seemed to be a general impression that the "old America"—if it had ever existed and had not long since been obliterated by the Time forces—was so enfeebled that it could be laid waste by saying harsh words about it. At the top heat of the fray's fevers, passions ran so high that Mr. Mencken—a somewhat confused, though rhetorically invincible, amateur sociologist who, at the same time that he was reviling the stupidities of the ruling business class, was insisting that "the capitalistic system now enlists the best brains in all the democratic nations"—was classed as a dangerous radical and actually entered by Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling in "The Red Network" as a potential bolshevik. But before the rights and wrongs of these high denunciatory feuds were settled, the country dived into the depression and the controversial fields were inherited by the more, and less, amateur economists.

Now, however, on the central issue of whether the traditionalists were living in a "dream America" or whether the amateur sociologists were inventing "dream traditionalists," I believe it is possible to begin to see daylight. Mainly this is true because the Lynds—Professor Robert S. Lynd of Columbia University and Mrs. Helen Merrell Lynd—have gone back to "Middletown," and conducted a painstaking survey of the folkways and beliefs of a typical medium-sized American city of varied industries, close cornbelt affiliations, native American predominance, and strong "open shop" predilections, in the light of its depression experiences.

The difference between the Lynds' technique and the amateur sociologists' is largely one of thoroughness. Where the amateurs generalized from somewhere between two and a half dozen conversations with town worthies, the Lynds approached Middletown with a complete survey staff, spent the summer and autumn of 1935 there, kept an intimate check on subsequent economic, cultural, and emotional currents up to publication deadline. The result in "Middletown in Transition" is a complete synthesis of the American scene and of how the actors in the cast evaluate the spectacle. Both "Middletown in Transition" and its predecessor, "Middletown," are slices of the living tissue of Demos, subjected to all the laboratory tests and methods which intelligent curiosity can reasonably ask of social scientists.

The gist of the Lynds' findings is that, in spite of the fearful impingement of realities upon the American sentimental traditions during the past eight years, "Middletown"—which, if you had any doubts about it, is Muncie, Indiana—"is overwhelmingly living by the values by which it lived in 1925." The theory of the competence of individualistic capitalism to administer the affairs of a power age

(*Continued on page* 14)

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# Good Interpreter

*THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $3.75.*

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

DURING the last World War, André Maurois was detailed as interpreter and liaison officer with the British forces; it was his destiny, and he has been faithful to it. Poetry tempted him once, and fiction; once he wrote of a German poet and once of a French empire builder, but these were mere furloughs; each time he has returned promptly to duty, interpreting English character to France, and maintaining the cultural liaison until the guns begin again. In all these writings, whether the nominal hero was Shelley, or Byron, or Disraeli, or some lesser captain or prophet, the real, unnamed hero has always been the same, the English governing class. It was inevitable that the hero should sooner or later be avowed, and that Maurois should write a history of England.

In this, as in his other books, he has been the good interpreter, originating nothing, distorting as little as possible, but conveying clearly, gracefully, and sympathetically the intention of one principal to the other. Given the terms in which he has conceived his task, he has again succeeded admirably. It is easy to believe that his is the best modern short history of England in French. Certainly there can be few more readable.

*Eric Schaal*

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

It is hard, indeed, to think of a more readable recent one in English. Maurois's style translates well, preserving much of its native charm, its calm logic, sober wit, and modest elegance. Written for persons presumably unfamiliar with the subject, his book has the further advantage of being able to suppress without apology much of that sacrosanct litter of dead facts which tends to accumulate in national histories. The apparent loss is slight, and fewer dates and names per page make for easier reading. It is surprising how simple and entertaining the story of England can be in the hands of a Frenchman with the knack of simplification and an eye for entertainment values.

In other respects this book is less notable. Since it includes the abdication of Edward VIII, it could scarcely be more up to date in one sense. But it is reassuringly conventional in others. Maurois has made good use of several standard one-volume histories of England, and departed little from their beaten track. For instance, this book is shorter by a third than G. M. Trevelyan's, which he seems to have used, or than W. E. Lunt's, which he may not have, and contains, at a guess, about half as many facts, but it follows their well established relative proportions, with less social and economic material than Lunt's, and less speculative generalization than Trevelyan's, but with the traditional anecdotes, characterizations, and judgments just where you expect to find them. If an occasional pronouncement has a touch of the hearty emphasis of "1066 and All That," if history seems surprisingly pat, and well behaved, and clearly labeled, that is less the fault of M. Maurois than of those conservative historians with whom he has no fault to find. From them he draws with unreserved confidence, so that only occasionally, by an apt but not altogether expected reference to French history, or by a translator's slip, is any foreignness betrayed. The most glaring error (errors are relatively few), the remark that Oliver Cromwell fortified Gibraltar, may be due to the translator, and to him, too, we probably owe the unexpected irony in the sentence, "In 1891 education became compulsory, and in 1912 it became gratuitous." Some other slips, such as the misdating of Marx's "Capital" and the solemn attribution to Professor A. F. Pollard of the theory that "every economic regime has a correspondingly political one" are undoubtedly Maurois's own, but they could not be more appropriate to his assumed character of an English Tory historian.

The assumed character, however, is not intended to deceive; it is worn with a difference, like English sport clothes on a *boulevardier*. Frenchness is part of the author's stock-in-trade. Long ago, perhaps by accident, he learned the secret of sales in two languages. In his first book, Colonel Bramble and his brother officers were depicted for the French public as types of their gallant allies, possessing a flattering selection of those qualities which Gallic popular mythology attributed to the English. Thereupon the English discovered a Frenchman who understood their character, and flocked to admire themselves in the candid mirror of a foreign mind. Ever since M. Maurois has kept them supplied with skillfully varied reproductions of the same likeness. His sketches of English character are never unctuous or fulsome; they are dispassionate, objective, even wryly humorous in tone, but they admit bravely the definite and unique superiority of Englishmen. Now, in his history, he has no need to analyze complex economic and social situations; every turn in English history has been for the best, and each was due to a national genius for compromise, a strong sense of duty in the upper classes, a wise adherence to ancient tradition, a rooted distrust of dogmatic logic, or some other of those favorable traits which the English have long been obliged to recognize as peculiarly their own.

In a letter to his American publishers, André Maurois explains that the title refers to the astonishing fact that this small island invented new institutions, and a new form of freedom, "the only new form of human society since the Greeks," and while doing so, conquered one fourth of the planet. But this is a confidential aside between foreigners. The London edition of this book is called simply "A History of England." Its author knows that Englishmen would never grant that their country's preëminence was miraculous.

# "Lassy Me!"

*CORONATION SUMMER. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $3.*

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

"LASSY ME!" The more things change the more they remain the same. Coronation summer, and London a mass of excited humanity with youth and beauty decking itself in its best to see and to be seen, with seats for the royal spectacle selling at fantastic prices, and visitors to the city flocking to the zoo and the Philharmonic Society concerts in their spare hours. Coronation summer, and lovely young women like Mrs. Thirkell's Fanny and Emily (she who on occasions is startled into the vulgarity of "Lassy me!") discussing Boz with avidity, and betaking themselves to the galleries to view the latest productions of Salvator Rosa and Landseer, and marveling at the genius of Fanny Elsler and Grisi and Taglioni, and playing Strauss waltzes for the delectation of handsome young gentlemen like Mr.

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Darnley and Mr. Vavasour, and turning aside with a blush when accident throws them into the company of Mrs. Norton against whom slander had lately been busy. Coronation summer, and cautious gentlemen like Fanny's husband daring the rage of her father by reading the *Weekly Despatch,* and the new Parliament houses in the process of being built, and conservative oldsters like Fanny's father declaring that "he would be damned if any of his family should set foot in a low Radical Club." Coronation summer, and the young Queen driving to the Abbey amid the tearful smiles of her devoted people, and Marshal Soult following in the procession in one of the old Bourbon equipages, "painted a rich cobalt relieved with gold," and the Duke of Wellington, like his old enemy, drawing the cheers of the crowd as he passed along. "Lassy me!" A coronation summer a hundred years ago presented through the recollections of two sprightly young women of Mrs. Thirkell's creation who live through its excitement and come out of it each of them possessed of a husband.

A gay time, and a gay book, and a clever reconstruction of a period. A book that should entertain the stay-at-homes who must watch the Coronation festivities of 1937 vicariously through the newspapers, and amuse and instruct the travelers who while they look on at the installation of George VI can by virtue of Mrs. Thirkell's lively fancy project it against the coronation and times of Victoria Regina. A light and entertaining novel, with a rich tapestry of homely detail, vivacious characters, and a pleasing, if familiar, love interest woven into its description. And issued by one of the most dignified of university presses. "Lassy me!"

# Diplomacy Instead of War

*NEUTRALITY FOR THE UNITED STATES. By Edwin Borchard and William P. Lage. New Haven: Yale University Press,* 1937. $3.50.

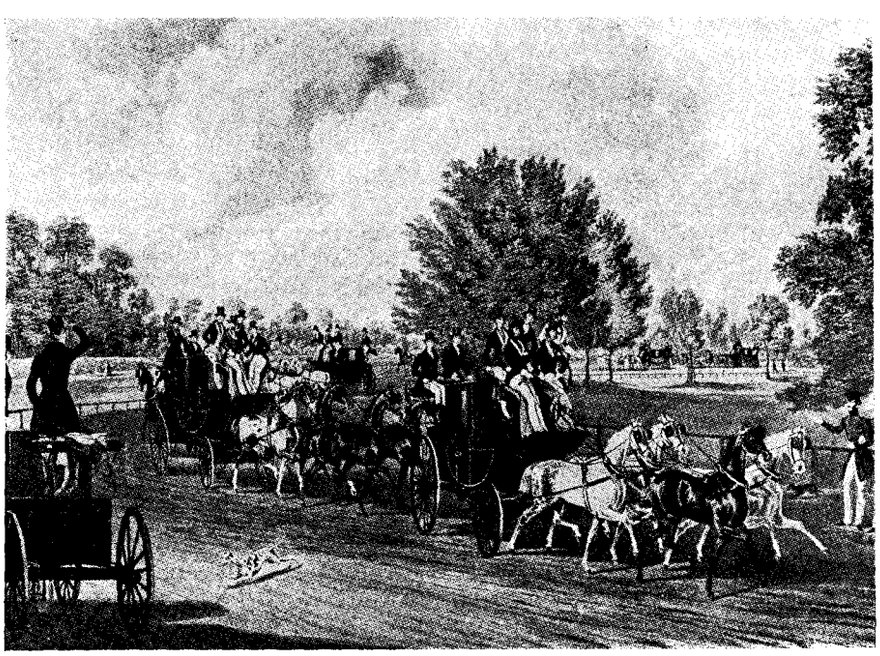
Reviewed by PAYSON S. WILD, JR.

IF and when the United States becomes engaged in another war, it will not be for any lack of diagnoses as to how we got into the last one. The voices and the volumes are many these days to tell us how to stay out of the next conflict, and the arguments are buttressed by deductions (as diverse as they are numerous) from the experiences of 1914-1917. While the Nye-Clark school attempts to exorcise the war demon by elaborate legislative incantations directed at the bankers and munition makers, while ex-Secretary of War Baker, ably supported by President-elect Seymour of Yale, stoutly maintains that submarines alone were responsible for our entry into the crusade to save democracy, and while Charles A. Beard asserts that there was no one devil to blame for our belligerent mania, even though Big Business and Banking are made in his pages to grow cloven hoofs in spite of himself, another school, championed by the venerable John Bassett Moore and by Professor Borchard of Yale, affirms very simply that all we really need in order to escape war is a good State Department. Such in the main is the straightforward thesis of "Neutrality for the United States" by Messrs. Borchard and Lage.

The volume is designed to prove that neutrality is both desirable and possible for this country and that we do not need any "new neutrality" laws to insulate us from strife abroad. Given a truly impartial Secretary of State and a President genuinely wedded to the cause of neutrality, both counseled by expert international lawyers, the United States could well dispense with the fancy frills of the current crop of neutrality bills and could avoid being drawn into war. But this is not the whole of the argument. Professor Borchard has a great deal to say about sanctions and collectivism, about the League and the Kellogg Pact, and about coöperative action against aggressors. To him all these are decidedly anathema and he vents his spleen against them with the aim of persuading his readers not to heed the siren call of Geneva and not to be lured from the "safe" moorings of a neutrality policy laid down in 1783 and deviated from only in moments of great "aberration" as in 1917. Quotations from Washington's Farewell Address at the opening of the book set the tone of the discussion which takes to task all those who would have the United States so much as flirt with the League or any other kind of international collectivism. Not only is neutrality not eliminated by all the talk of a "new order" since 1920, but it is to be cherished and preserved. "Washington was right and Wilson was wrong" is thus the theme of this vehement defense of traditional neutrality against the "moralists," the "idealists," and the "visionaries" who inveigh against neutrality and who urge us to assume responsibilities for law and order throughout the globe.

Though this position is open obviously to serious debate, there can be no doubt concerning the value of the authors' analysis of American diplomacy from 1914 to 1917. Eliminating for the most part such factors as propaganda, commerce, and loans, they make a devastating and lucid examination of the diplomatic record, showing how conclusively the American government ceased to be neutral as early as 1914 and how, but for the presence in high places of Anglophiles like Lansing, House, and Page, war against Germany was not "inevitable" in 1917. We could have remained unentangled had Wilson been better advised and had his chief aides wanted to be neutral! It is a sad story of incompetence and bungling, told before in part but never so ably or with so much penetration from the legal point of view. This should be required reading for all present and future incumbents of high office in this nation.

The indictment of Wilson and Lansing centers chiefly in their misguided attempt to protect American citizens on belligerent ships and in our government's failure to insist that British merchant vessels be unarmed before claiming their immunity from submarine attack at sight. On the



THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB AT HYDE PARK CORNER
*From "Coronation Summer."*

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one hand we held Germany to "strict account" while on the other we gave virtually blanket protection to British craft, armed and unarmed, sending only desultory and verbose protests to London in contrast to the crisp demands to Berlin. Americans who traveled on belligerent boats did so at their own risk, despite the untenable stand of the State Department that the American flag covered them on such voyages.

Altogether 194 Americans lost their lives on British, French, and Italian ships sunk by submarines between August, 1914, and February, 1917, while only three Americans were killed during this period on American ships, which latter properly should have been the only major concern of the Washington authorities. These three were lost on the *Gulflight*, an American tanker sunk while under British convoy in 1915; Germany promptly disavowed this act and offered to pay full reparation. The implications of all this are obvious: did the loss of three lives on an American tanker justify the embarcation upon a crusade against autocracy? Was the destruction of 194 Americans on ships which had no right to American protection a sufficient cause for the severing of diplomatic relations? The ostensible reason for our going to war, namely the German submarine campaign excoriated so eloquently by Wilson on April 2, 1917, is thus torn effectively to shreds. Early in the game we were maneuvered into an indefensible position in regard to armed merchantmen and submarines and thus drifted into war as a result of our own mismanagement.

This argument admittedly stresses the diplomatic angle, and though the authors at times seem unduly worried lest the noble Eagle become permanently supine, it is welcome to have this offset to the overemphasis upon economic factors. In the remainder of the book, there is a vigorous denunciation of all sanctions-aggressor schemes to which seem to be ascribed, none too fairly, practically all the evils of present-day international relations. This reviewer has no great enthusiasm for the apparatus of sanctions; but times do change, and though neutrality has been of service and appears to have many useful years ahead of it, it is not necessarily sacred for all time. It may be comforting to be assured that "the old-time neutrality is good enough for us," but to remain on the isolationist perch may not *always* be "practical." The sharp, unrelenting tone of the attack upon the "victims" of post-war "pactomania" makes one wonder whether the authors perhaps do not "protest too much"; it does constitute, however, a good, healthy, stiff antidote to the effusions of those who expect too much of collectivism in an untidy world.

*Payson S. Wild, Jr., is on the faculty of Harvard University, in the department of government.*

# Extraordinary Family

*THE DU MAURIERS. By Daphne Du Maurier. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company.* 1937. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is the story of the descendants of the remarkable Mary Anne Clarke, "friend" of the Duke of York; and, on the French side, of Mathurin-Robert Busson Du Maurier; written by the most famous of the grandchildren of the famous grandson of the above. The grandson was, of course, George Du Maurier, celebrated as a draughtsman and author of "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson." His son, the author's father, was the great actor-manager, Gerald Du Maurier, whose life she has already presented in "Gerald."

Those are the facts, but the statement is too formal to sort with this family chronicle upon which all the gifts of a notable novelist are brought to bear. In fact, to my way of thinking, even as she did in "Gerald" the talented Du Maurier of our own time has again given us a new sort of biography.

Bassano, Ltd.

DAPHNE DU MAURIER

It has the virtue of complete frankness, a vivid appreciation of the drama of life, a detachment unusual in one writing of one's forebears, and a first-rate faculty for characterization. Mary Anne Clarke, the author's great-great-grandmother, was an extraordinary woman. Her career was scandalous: "at twenty-six she held her little world between her ruthless, exquisite fingers." Yet she bequeathed to her grandson a determination and energy that he did not get from his utterly charming ne'er-do-well of an inventor father, Louis-Mathurin, him of the beautiful singing voice, the infectious high spirits, and the utter helplessness in money matters. Says the author, near the end of her book, "Kicky [George Du Maurier] was the wisest of them, the kindest and the best." But what a gallery is here of different forebears, all sympathetically portrayed! George and Ellen, children of the outrageous Mary Anne, both of them all their lives probably believing that they were descended from a Certain Personage: the man, of irreproachable character, eventually marrying the fascinating young "Aunt Georgie" who actually ended her days in the Salvation Army!—the woman swept off her feet into a romantic match with Louis-Mathurin, bearing him the celebrated George, the lovable but irresponsible Eugène ("Gyggy"), and the attractive Isabella who eventually married Clement Scott, the dramatic critic. Then, on the Du Maurier side again, there was Louis-Mathurin's sister Louise, a devout Catholic who early was so heart-breakingly deceived by Godfrey Wallace, and later disappointed by George Noel Clarke. Louise early became the close friend of Ellen Clarke, and of Eugène de Palmella whose "descendants live today in Portugal among the great nobility."

The story runs along like a novel, highlighted with humor, shadowed by pathos. These are the people, with all their faults and virtues, as they lived and breathed. Family letters are dextrously interwoven. A peak of humor is the account of great-grand-father Louis's baseless conviction that he was about to die of the cholera. And in the very next chapter his actual death is described in most moving terms. George Du Maurier's tragic battle against the complete loss of eyesight (one eye was entirely blind before he came to fame) is as graphically given as are his exciting Parisian days at Gleyre's studio.

The book is so readable one cannot put it down. It is a fitting sequel to that most beguiling story of "Gerald." The redoubtable character of Mary Anne Clarke, with her "crude and rather sordid bargain," her Rabelaisian wit, and yet her intense love for her own descendants, is presented with great intelligence. Daphne Du Maurier inherits something of her grandfather's nostalgia for the past, but she is also open-eyed in the present and can observe peccant humanity as closely as he could in the pages of *Punch*, even though he felt to his heart's core that "cruelty was the only sin, kindness and truthtelling the supreme virtues." When all is said and done, that last phrase would apply to the spirit in which this book has been written; which is why it possesses such richness and even moral value.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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## Horizon Land (2)

A SAGACIOUS publisher—if the use of that adjective does not add ambiguity to tautology—recently expressed a hunch that the next fashion in our fiction will be a shift toward the West. Pretty soon, he said, somebody is going to write a Western that will be deeper and more intelligent. When he does he will go to town, and in three months there will be a buffalo skull in every publisher's office. He would prophesy no farther but repeated his conviction that the April rains are over, the trail is drying out, and presently the white-tops will be yoking up.

There may be something in what he says, for the Civil War cannot last forever. The Vanderbilt movement will continue till its young men are graybeards, unless the Federal government adopts its platform and undertakes to supply a poet through the Bureau of Animal Husbandry to every community that will agree to plant flax and indigo, build a threshing floor, and reëstablish the pearlash industry. But the Lost Cause fiction we were recently discussing here is bound to flag pretty soon, and even before that the public is likely to look elsewhere for its vitamins. The same forces that made Gettysburg common a good buy (*Nation* editors: should we refer to them as intensified nationalism or merely as a by-product of war buying?) will still operate, and since there are only a few subjects they can operate on, the West is indicated. Our publisher's belief that this will be a more intelligent Western fiction is supported by what happened with the Civil War. If you compare Caroline Gordon with Mary Johnston, or MacKinlay Kantor with Winston Churchill, you see exactly what he means.

It will probably not be a fiction of the cattle kingdom. Thirty years of cheap fiction about cowboys, rustlers, evil sheriffs, roundups, stampedes, six-guns, and branding irons have created an inertia which serious literature finds it hard to overcome. Having produced Eugene Manlove Rhodes, it needed another quarter of a century to produce Mr. Conrad Richter. Fiction is likely to move farther back and farther West, before 1860 and beyond the hundredth meridian.

It is astonishing how little modern fiction has dealt with the Westward expansion, which after all is the fundamental American experience. And such novels about pioneering as we have (except a very few sporadic ones) stop short exactly where the West begins—which is where the annual rainfall drops below twenty inches, or halfway across Nebraska. Our novelists took the pioneer as far as the Dark and Bloody Ground with great enthusiasm. With a diminished zest they went on to the Lincoln country and then spread up and down the Mississippi and its bayous. Only a handful have ever pushed a pirogue across those unvexed waters. Iowa has been satisfactorily settled, and Kansas has bled a little, but there serious fiction reaches trail's end, looking toward the high plains. The rest is so frivolous and fantastic that Mr. H. L. Davis and Mr. Harvey Fergusson have found the country as empty of white men as it was when Lewis and Clark got there.

Why should so shallow and conventional a novel as "The Covered Wagon" remain the best treatment of the far Western migration in our fiction? As a spectacle, a saga, or a premonition of the modern America, the prairie schooner offers quite as good material as the downfall of the plantation system. Why should the building of the transcontinental railroads, a subject rather richer for sociological fiction than a strike of the garment workers, be represented by nothing except Mr. Zane Grey's preposterous "U. P. Trail" and a sentimental romance in *Collier's*? Is Spanish California to be abandoned to the *Cosmopolitan*, and is it believed that Bret Harte exhausted the possibilities of the gold rush? Is the settlement of the interior West to give us only novels about the beet pickers, and is fiction finished with the mineral frontier when it has several times informed us that the empire builders had bad table manners and their children are weaklings? Finally, can no novel better than "The Lion of the Lord" be written about one of the most fascinating episodes in American history, the hegira of the Mormons?

This generation has developed a new kind of historical fiction. Stock figures have dropped out, romantic fantasy is at a minimum, the enlisted man rather than the major-general is the hero of the war novel, the novel of pioneering is devoted to the life of the pioneers rather than the oratorical crises of national destiny. The form retains spectacle and the panoramic, but is realistic, hard-bitten, and unrhetorical. Fiction of the West skipped the very field that this kind of fiction can best occupy. It began on the level of the mythological and then, with a premature sophistication, straightway began to import the novel of the middle-Minnesota period in which soup dribbles down the paralyzed side of grandma's face. There has been very little fiction about the real energies of the West or about its rich, violent, and very moving past. The field is practically untouched, the logical way into it is by means of novels like those currently written about the Civil War, and our publisher may be right in believing that fiction is ready to move out and locate.

Mr. Thomas Hornsby Ferril's trenchant article which recently appeared in these columns explained one serious danger that such a literature faces. An emotionalism that sees human figures as dwarfed by the gigantic scale of the natural environment ends in sentimentality. Other sentimentalities lurk among the sagebrush and the mesquite, notably the one that has the New Mexico coteries praying to the thunderbird. It may be taken for granted that anyone who thinks of Indians as the Amerinds is not going to add much to our literature. Preciosities about the mystical awareness that neolithic savages are supposed to have, and how the rain dance and the worship of the corn spirit (in rhythms much too subtle for coarse people like you to understand) show exactly where American life took a tragic turning—are going to remain preciosities. Mr. Harvey Fergusson has shown how to write intelligently about the Western Indians: fiction that wears a squash blossom in its hair or talks about the plumed serpent is just silly.

The odd development of coterie art, in fact, is a serious threat to Western literature. Twenty years ago there wasn't a coterie between the hundredth meridian and the crest of the Sierras, now there is one at every college and most flag stops. They produce little literature and what they produce is very bad, but they generate an enormous mass of critical theory and, like all coteries, they war energetically on one another. The art of literature is largely that of anathematizing people for being regionalists when they should be sectionalists, localists, Congressional districtists, and on down to county lines. They are currently reworking the early clichés of Greenwich Village with an air of original discovery, beginning to experiment with the manifestoes and methods current on the Left Bank thirty years ago, and writing, when they write at all, the most appalling balderdash. In a passionate dogmatism they wholly omit to look at how people live in the West. If we are to have some serious Western fiction, it will have to begin by repairing the omission. The Western novelist must tear up his coterie card, immerse himself in the life around him, and write about what he sees in terms of what it seems like to him and not in terms of what the dogmas of his little group or favorite English prof make it out to be.

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# Letters to the Editor: *Readers' Reports on "Of Mice and Men"*

### No Suggestion of Shock

SIR:—Waiting in a hotel lobby I answer your request for comments on "Of Mice and Men." Until you quoted Dorothy Canfield Fisher for me, I didn't know "Of Mice and Men" had any harsh words in it! I gave it to my fifteen-year-old daughter to read! Her comment of wonder at the vivid, masterly writing included no suggestion of shock at "unconventional language." I assure you we are a very nice family too! Not one syllable do we use "for effect."

ELEANOR HOWARD.

Chicago, Ill.

### Biased

SIR:—Think your attitude in presenting "literary curiosa" as to criticism of "Mice and Men" as limited and biased as that of woman quoted. Where there is one scholar in the U. S. with your education and talent, there are thousands of men and women with only elementary education and with only a few moments for reading. Shall no allowance be made for such readers? Their standards are not—and can never be—yours any more than yours can agree with theirs. No man is as wise as he thinks he is. A true catholicity of taste makes allowances for a viewpoint which is necessarily miles away from his own. Job said, long ago, "no doubt but ye are the people and wisdom shall die with you."

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS COSGROVE.

Muskogee, Okla.

### Perfect Book

SIR:—When "Tortilla Flat" was published, the review in *The Nation* kept me from reading it. When "In Dubious Battle" was published, I would not have read that but Ben Abramson sent it unordered with some other books I had ordered from him—knowing, I suppose, that he could get by with such audacity as the book was so remarkable—and he did—and received my order for "Of Mice and Men" as soon as his announcements recommended it. It is a perfect book.

The other day a friend said to me, "I read that book ["Of Mice and Men"] that you told me about and any one from the person who reads *True Stories* to one who reads the best literature would like that."

LAURA ALTON.

Keokuk, Iowa.

*We haven't space to print all the comments on "Of Mice and Men" received from readers in response to "Reviewing Reviews" of April 3. Our correspondents are unanimous in praise of Mr. Steinbeck's novel.—The Editors.*

### Mark Twain Memorial

SIR:—A committee with Governor Lehman and Mayor LaGuardia as honorary members, Henry Seidel Canby as general chairman, and a long list of American writers is sponsoring a memorial to Mark Twain in a New York City high school which is to be named for him. The same committee placed a bronze tablet in memory of Cooper in the James Fenimore Cooper High School last year. It is the purpose of the committee to erect a simple but suitable bronze tablet with a medallion of Mark Twain, to be installed with suitable ceremonies. As executive secretary I should be glad to receive contributions, no matter how small, from admirers of Mark Twain who would like to see his memory perpetuated (by a suitable memorial in bronze), and by the name of a school in the city where he spent many years of his life.

MARK O. PRENTISS.

210 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

"WE AIN'T WAITIN' FOR NO BOOKS—WE'RE JUST PLAYIN' THE NUMBERS."

### Attaboy

SIR:—Mr. Mencken's review of Partridge's "Dictionary of Slang" makes one wish one could afford the price. But the accompanying facsimile sample makes one suspect that the book etymologizes by conjecture. If *attaboy* came from *st'boy* addressed to a dog, as Mr. Partridge supposes, the accented syllable *at* would call in anguish for explanation; for accented syllables can least of all syllables be left unexplained in an etymology. Mr. Partridge seems to be cheerfully ignorant of the familiar currency of the unabbreviated *that's the boy* in American language, perhaps especially in the years immediately preceding the rise of *attaboy;* and if he at all realized the total non-currency of such a cry as *at her, boy,* and the narrow limits within which American language admits any imperative phrases beginning with a preposition and containing no verb—limits which do not allow the phrase to contain either a vocative or a pronoun without definite antecedent—he would not have thought this a "possible" origin.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

### We Followed Copy

SIR:—In the *S. R. L.* of April 10, under "Language Loose and Low," Mr. Mencken, wizard in the use of words and phrases, says *"Wolkenkrätzer."* Scratcher is *Kratzer,* not *Krätzer;* cloud-scratcher, *Wolkenkratzer.*

Or have we to do merely with a misprint, a double one at that?

W. H. B.

Kitchener, Ontario.

### Whitman Letters

SIR:—I am preparing an edition of Whitman which will include, in addition to poetry and prose, a large selection of his published and unpublished letters. May I request that those having unpublished letters, particularly those not in the well known collections, advise me of any which might appropriately find a place in such a volume?

EMORY HOLLOWAY.

Adelphi College,
Garden City, N. Y.

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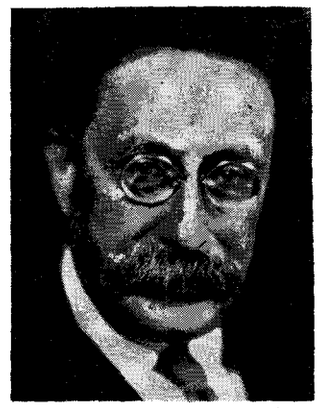
# We or They in France

*LÉON BLUM: FROM POET TO PREMIER. By Richard L. Stokes. New York: Coward-McCann.* 1937. $3.

*WHICH WAY FRANCE? By Alexander Werth. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1937. $3.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

IN a period of history when dictators hold a peculiar appeal for the masses and totalitarianism is the order of the day in a majority of European countries, France is being closely watched by political observers who wonder whether this traditional stronghold of democracy will resist the tide toward dictatorship, and whether the French people will secure social and economic reform without selling themselves into bondage to a mystically inspired Führer. At such a moment the unspotlighted figure of Léon Blum—a socialist who seeks to achieve socialism within the framework of the parliamentary system—stands out as a symbol of what modern democracy may accomplish when directed by persuasive intelligence and concern for public welfare. Both Mr. Stokes, who went to Paris in 1936 to write a series of articles on Blum for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and Mr. Werth, Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, believe that M. Blum has so invigorated democracy that it can now withstand the assaults of fascism and communism.



*Acme*

LÉON BLUM

In striking contrast to the self-appointed Messiahs of dictatorial countries, M. Blum appears to be free from self-glorification. Born in Paris of a well-to-do Jewish family engaged in the business of selling millinery materials (the firm still exists), M. Blum was a sensitive, almost effeminate youth, who strove to look at both sides of every problem, even one involving such a display of public and private passion as the Dreyfus affair. A poet who in his early years associated with the Symbolist school, and a political theorist who had written a careful analysis of the workings of the French parliamentary system, M. Blum was carried by the tide of events to a position of leadership he did not personally covet. While he was early attracted to socialism both by his sympathy for the downtrodden and by his friendship with Lucien Herr and Jean Jaurès—at whose bier in 1914 he decided to leave the ivory tower of philosophy for the less congenial atmosphere of the political forum—M. Blum did not actively participate in the work of the Socialist party until 1921, following the party's split into Socialist and Communist wings. Yet once he had thrown himself wholeheartedly into politics, he was promptly recognized as the legitimate heir of Jaurès, and became president of the party in 1924.

The turbulent period of 1932-1936—impressionistically recorded by Mr. Werth—when French political life was marred by recurring scandals, personal abuse, and alarming clashes between the potentially fascist Croix de Feu and parties of the Left, and when parliamentary government seemed to have reached a dangerous stalemate, prepared the way for the striking victory of the Front Populaire, composed of Radical Socialists, Socialists, and Communists under Blum's leadership. The formation of this front had been facilitated by an important shift in the policy of the Communist International, which in 1935 began to urge the union of all anti-fascist forces in democratic states for resistance to fascism, regarded as a direct menace to the Soviet Union. The support of the Communists—who, while remaining outside the cabinet, have been "plus royalistes que le roi" in their agitation for military preparedness and intervention in Spain—has not always proved an unmixed blessing for Premier Blum. Yet with great political tact and astuteness he has so far succeeded in retaining a firm hold over the disparate elements of his coalition.

Long accustomed to the negative role of opposition leader in parliament, M. Blum displayed unexpected energy in applying his theories of government as soon as he assumed office. He made the wheels of parliamentary machinery whir with unaccustomed activity, pushing through in ten weeks a "New Deal" program of social and economic legislation, including introduction of the forty-hour week, collective contracts, reorganization of the Bank of France, whose control was taken out of the hands of the notorious "two hundred families," and nationalization of the armaments industry. No sooner had Blum solved the major difficulties created by a wave of stay-in strikes which spontaneously developed all over the country, than he was confronted with the peculiarly dangerous diplomatic crisis precipitated by the outbreak of civil war in Spain. Undismayed by the demand from Right and Left for intervention on the side of either Rebels or Loyalists, and unaffected by his personal sympathy for the Madrid government, M. Blum—following consultation with the British—proposed a policy of non-intervention which, he hoped, would prevent the Spanish civil war from developing into a general European conflict. While this policy has worked to the disadvantage of the Loyalists and has not prevented intervention in Spain, it has led to close Franco-British collaboration, which may yet bear fruit if the two Western democracies succeed in devising a constructive program for the appeasement of Europe. M. Blum's greatest contribution is that he—like Premier van Zeeland of Belgium—has demonstrated that democracy is not finished, that it has unsuspected powers of recuperation, and is capable at home and abroad of taking a strong initiative, which until recently had been supinely left in the hands of Europe's potential aggressors.

*Vera Micheles Dean is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.*

# Stripping the Gears of a Relationship

*BREAD AND A SWORD. By Evelyn Scott. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by PAULA SNELLING

IT is doubtful if anyone now using the novel form has brought to the task so clear, so informed, so unillusioned a mind as has Evelyn Scott. Though her virtues still combine with her weaknesses as a novelist to prevent this book from being read by those masses the betterment of whose station in life she desires, "Bread and a Sword" deserves an attentive reading from every lover of literature and every student of human relationships in our Western world. The book is concerned with a man and a woman in their early forties whose interests and talents are at variance with both the stereotypes and the eccentricities on which this generation bestows financial benedictions, but whose needs include food and shelter, which are to be had only in exchange for money. The man is an artist whose integrity is dependent upon the voicing of his convictions and visions in a form esthetically pleasing to himself, and is a human being whose self-respect is dependent upon his ability to provide his wife and children with the physical necessities, and to feel the esteem of at least one individual other than himself. The woman's secondary philosophy is that salvation of the world can come only by some such process as the communists advocate; but her end in life is that her first-born, Ted, shall not be too deeply warped by the deprivations from which she cannot protect him.

Alec and Kate have once loved each

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EVELYN SCOTT

other. The fundamental discrepancies between their temperament brought about the usual tensions. Remnants of their love, ties of shared sorrows, memories of hurts mutually inflicted and regretted, together with the demands of the children and the inability of either to keep the family going if the other took a separate path, keep them just short of divorce or suicide, and recurrently precipitate a stripping of the gears of their relationship. The disastrous effects upon the children of this disharmony is revealed in all its circuitous and permeating aspects. Though the story focuses infrequently upon Ted and Maxie, few pieces of fiction show so clearly and dramatically the mechanisms by which personalities, with their weaknesses and idiosyncrasies, are formed and the groundwork of future tragedies laid. Mrs. Scott penetrates to that marrow which man through generations has covered with layer after layer of conventions, romanticisms, denials, that it may obtrude as little as possible upon his attention.

Though the problems dealt with in this book are aggravated by the present state of civilization and its values, and are here accentuated to the point of crowding out those alleviating elements which enter even the most tortured lives, they are not temporary problems. Evelyn Scott has stated them with clearness and has shown their disastrous effects uncompromisingly. She is too wise to think that she has solved them; or that, till human nature has changed its spots, they can be completely solved.

The book has a preface in which Mrs. Scott tells something of her philosophy. It goes undeviatingly to fundamentals and contains more essence than many a tome on the subject. But it is more difficult reading than the novel, and those who have veered from Evelyn Scott in the past because they prefer easier reading must not take it as indicative of the style of "Bread and a Sword."

# "Beecher Volubility"

*HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. By Catherine Gilbertson. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company.* 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE offers to the biographer many of the same opportunities as Queen Victoria, whose long life spanned almost the same era as Mrs. Stowe's. Most of the traits they had in common—strong religious feeling, zeal for home virtues, a reforming instinct, a strain of naïveté, a tendency to confuse bric-a-brac with art, an unquenchable zest for living, a capacity for evoking hero-worship—can serve the ends of either panegyric or satire. Catherine Gilbertson, author of "Harriet Beecher Stowe," avoids both extremes. Her attitude is kindly but not pious. She resorts to psychology but escapes being clinical. She writes well without subordinating her subject to her own art. Her aim is not so much to present new facts as to establish a perspective which will enable the reader to see Mrs. Stowe's life whole.

Of several motifs employed by Mrs. Gilbertson the most significant is Mrs. Stowe's deeply religious nature. When the old-time theology was scrapped and "religion became morality," Mrs. Stowe assented to the change, but she was emotionally repressed (despite the temperate joys of her marriage with Professor Stowe) until she began to exercise her gift of "Beecher volubility" by writing tales and tracts. Slavery aroused in her a religious fervor that was the more intense because of the lethargy of the church, many of whose ministers appeared to believe that there was "no standard of right and wrong higher than an act of Congress." After the War her missionary ardor was directed toward the eradication of various ills of society, mainly domestic. Yet her rich emotional nature needed more release than even her manifold good works provided. Hence her absorption in the career of Byron (whose soul she prayed for), her fondness for Episcopal ritual, and her preoccupation with the Atonement. Even "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written partly because "slavery after being a question of morality and philanthropy and politics, had become a sacrament."

This book is mainly a "life." To have made it a life and times or a critical biography would have been to write not one volume but three. Background is deftly but sparingly used, and Mrs. Stowe's writings are treated chiefly in relationship to her life. Without documentation or complete bibliography, the volume is intended for the general reader. Outright errors (such as confusing the authorship of the first American novel) are at a minimum, and debatable judgments are not many. The brief discussion of "Dred" fails to do justice to one of Mrs. Stowe's best characterizations, Nina Gordon. The Beecher-Tilton scandal, which affected Mrs. Stowe deeply, is unnecessarily soft-pedalled. Yet the book as a whole is a compact, well-proportioned, and comely study of an important American whose amazing career has long needed the attention of a biographer as impartial and as discerning as Mrs. Gilbertson.

# Backwoods Humor

*THE THREE-HEADED ANGEL. By Roark Bradford. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

THE author of the Old Man Adam stories has produced a rambling, genial, and very readable novel which shows the building up of a community in Western Tennessee before and after the Civil War. (The war itself, one notes with relief, plays a minor part in the proceedings.) The title, taken from a traveler's letter of 1853, refers to the three objects in life of the characters: money, leisure, and display.

Something is going on all the time in this story, from the moment when Richard Whiting rides up to buy 2000 acres from Old Bas Younger of Hoop Pole Ridge. It's the first piece of land in the section for which money has been paid, and its purchase starts Whiting on his career; he becomes the district judge, the political leader, and the man who settles all the public and private affairs of the community. The other characters include Joseph Goodner, who hides out during the war and emerges with his skin and his money; his brother Wash, whom he dominates until Whiting comes to the rescue and sets Wash up on his own feet; and various disorderly clans of poor whites: the Potters and Pillows, who carry on a feud; and the Youngers of Hoop Pole Ridge, as turbulent as the inhabitants of Tobacco Road, and much more lifelike.

"The Three-Headed Angel" doesn't get anywhere in particular, for all its eventful narrative, largely because the characters are types rather than individuals. They are, however—except for Whiting, who is too much a *deus ex machina*—interesting types. The educated characters are a little too modern to be convincing, but the backwoods boys, who haven't changed so much since the seventies, ring true. The story has humor and plenty of it: the long-winded, peculiarly Southern variety familiar to readers of Joel Chandler Harris. In short, it is a novel of local color, in which human nature is more evident than human beings. If the succession of good stories in the book do not add up to a significant portrayal of the Southern frontier, they are still good stories. Taken as entertainment, the novel has everything to recommend it.

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# The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

## Ode Against Public Spirit

CALL all the stars from Mars to Sagittarius
And mould them to a mirrored pyramid;
Invoke the rivers blue and green and various
As languid snakes who ripple as they're bid;
Make the high hills troop forth in loving-kindness;
Summon the sun, and strike the sky to blindness;
And fill the lagoon
With the moon's pure essence,
Though dark of the moon
And lacking her presence,
Now let her lustre be no longer hid.

This punishment the beautiful has merited;
It must be disciplined and made to work
In ways impersonal and public-spirited;
The Southern Cross—conversion of the Turk;
The silver crescent—any foreign mission
For introducing peace or prohibition;
And the rose-coloured birds
And the bronze-coloured foxes
Must memorize words
About ballot-boxes,
And eloquence from Cicero to Burke.

But leave me, somewhere in the fading dahlias,
A rainbow midge, no bigger than the eye
Of one minutest singing-bird of Thalia's,
Who, in obscurity, elects to cry—
Under a violet canopy of quiet
Like young Catullus or Sir Thomas Wyatt,
Bright as a prism,
Strong as a giant,
Shouting a schism
Loud and defiant
In holy rage, to break his heart and die.

ELINOR WYLIE.

I hope it gives the reader a thrill, as it does me, to see unexpectedly here new words from a vanished servant of loveliness. William Rose Benét allows me to print the poem above, which he found among Elinor Wylie's papers after her death. It has not, to his knowledge, ever been published before.

The reader will probably be taken aback by the suggested mispronunciation of *Thalia . . .* but remembering Elinor's quicksilver sense of mischief I rather suspect it was done on purpose as a trap for pedants.

In the new enlarged edition of H. L. Mencken's rich and entertaining work *The American Language* I was startled to find myself reproached in a footnote (p. 391). Henry Mencken is speaking of anglophilia in spelling and remarks "In *Thunder on the Left* the name of Deep Harbor, a place supposedly near New York City, is spelled *Harbour*. This natural slip by a Rhodes scholar is rebuked by Clifford H. Bissell in *Is It Pedantry? Saturday Review of Literature*, Aug. 13, 1927."

The matter is so trivial, but Mr. Mencken's book so important, that I'm really tempted to straighten the record. (a) If H. L. M. should examine the MS. of that story he would see that the place was there spelled *Harbor* throughout. The version *Harbour* is of course absurd. But it was the publishers' custom automatically to impose English usage in any book of which they hoped to sell sheets in London. Similar *our* endings occur with grotesque effect in many books by American authors, and for that reason. But life is too short to argue with publishers about innumerable minutiæ. (b) Incidentally, and as a minor plea, the place was not called Deep Harbor but Dark Harbor; nor was it in any way suggested to be "near New York City." (c) I don't remember Mr. Bissell's piece in this paper—perhaps didn't see it, because in August 1927 I was abroad; probably (more anglophilia!) in England.

YOUNG JACK DONNE

### "Ironquill"

SIR:—I was glad of your note on "Ironquill"; for the "Rhymes of Ironquill" are a treasured joy. A letter of his, written when he was Pension Commissioner, may interest you. It appeared at the time in the daily press, but, so far as I know, has not otherwise seen the light. It was written to the editor of the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*, and read—

"Dear Sir: In your editorial of September 7, 'The Pension Business,' you say: 'There has never been a popular pension commissioner and there never will be.' Your head is so accurately level that alongside of it a billiard table is a steep and perilous declivity. Yours truly, E. F. Ware, Commissioner."

BAYARD H. CHRISTY.

### Triolet of Spring Fever

I'm on a sit-down strike:
Spring is unfair to labor.
Others may work if they like;
I'm on a sit-down strike.
Energy's out on a hike,
So I shall leave toil to my neighbor.
I'm on a sit-down strike:
Spring is unfair to labor.

N. D. PLUME.

### Supreme Court Infinitives

The Supreme Court has its schisms even in such small matters as the cleavage of infinitives. In the recent decision in the case of the Associated Press:—

*Majority opinion* (Mr. Justice Roberts): "The function of editors . . . speedily and accurately to rewrite the copy" etc.

*Minority Opinion* (Mr. Justice Sutherland): "Was required to speedily and accurately rewrite the copy" etc.

### Worm-Seed

&&& Delighted to see (*S.R.L.* last week) correspondents rallying in defense of *Silas Marner* as high-school reading. Somebody's attack on it about a month ago seemed to me preposterous. As well as I remember (haven't read it since I was 14) it was a mighty good yarn. &&& I was very pleased by a highly intelligent classroom "project," purporting to be local newspaper of Raveloe, Silas Marner's village, and covering plot, local color, and contemporary news, in typical style of country journalism. This was a printed 4-page paper prepared by the pupils of Mr. Albert J. Kettler, Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, just a year ago. &&& English teachers are always being hounded for something, and very often unfairly. I don't believe any book I read in school gave me more retainable pleasure than *Silas Marner*, and now I've dug up my old schoolboy copy and am going to read it again. &&& Something teachers of English will enjoy, and should read, is A. E. Housman's *Introductory Lecture* (on taking the Latin Chair at University College, London, 1892) now published here by Macmillan. One brief quotation:—"If a man has learnt Greek and Latin and has to describe the blowing up of a powder mill, he will not describe it as a cataclysm; if he is irritated he will say so, and will not say that he is aggravated; if the conversation turns on the Muse who

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is supposed to preside over dancing, he will call her Terpsíchore, and not Térpsitshoar." &&& This very evening, while we are working, the Grolier Club is devoting its April meeting to an exhibition, and address by Dr. John F. Fulton, in honor of Sir Kenelm Digby (1603-1665) whose name is not unfamiliar in this Green. I like to think it would have pleased Sir K. that one of the houses where he lived in London afterward became the National Sporting Club. &&& Speaking of clubs, the new building of the Johns Hopkins Club, at Homewood in Baltimore, is one of the most attractive I have ever seen. It was given to the university by Mr. Theodore Marburg and I wish I knew the name of the architect. &&& Both Basil Davenport and Rosa E. Hutchinson wish to inform our Grand Island inquirer that de la Mare's title *The Wind Blows Over* is quoted from Housman's *Shropshire Lad*. &&& Among the many catalogues that interest me are those from The Book Farm, Hattiesburg, Miss. In its April bulletin I find an item that someone might wish to follow up:—

**The Diary of a Confederate Girl.**
**Solomon, Clara E.** Manuscript Diary of the Civil War Period Written in four volumes. 8vo., and Quarto, half leather and full leather, as issued. July, 1861, to July, 1862. Written in a very legible hand, 180,000 words. $235.00

One of the most important diaries that has ever passed through our hands, and which must be published. While there may be a few trivial entries, including some concerning her love affairs, it is packed with historical information relating to New Orleans during the Civil War. In order to get it into this catalogue, we have not been able to investigate the item more closely and it is very likely possible that we shall raise the price considerably, if it is not sold within a month.

&&& On a theatre in the 40's I keep seeing the name of a play *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* "by Barré Lyndon." Is that really the name of the author, or a Thackerayan pseudonym? &&& I learn that the Chicago book club known as the *Bibliodisiacs* has an ancillary and feminine subdivision who call themselves (out of the Song of Solomon) the Camphire Girls. &&& Most of today I have spent in reading John Donne, and am embarrassed to admit that I realized for the first time what he meant by "Applying worm-seed to the Tail." I was touched by good old Parson Jessopp's book about Donne (1897) in which he describes how, fifty years earlier, still an undergraduate

(*Continued on page 16*)

# The Prairie Melts

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

THE prairie melts into the throats of larks
And green like water green begins to flow
Into the pinto patches of the snow.

I'm here, I move my foot, I count the mountains:
I can make calculations of my being
Here in the Spring again, feeling it, seeing . . .

Three granite mountain ranges wore away
While I was coming here, that is the fourth
To shine in Spring to sunlight from the north.

*A mountain range ago the sea was here,*
*Now I am here, the falcons floating over,*
*Bluebirds swimming foredeeps of the blue,*
*Spindrift magpies black and splashing white,*
*The winged fins, the birds, the water green . . .*

*Not ocean ever now but lilies here,*
*Sand lilies, yucca lilies water-petaled,*
*Lilies too delicate, only a little while,*
*Lilies like going away, like a far sound,*
*Lilies like wanting to be loved*
*And tapping with a stick,*
*An old man tapping*
*The world in Springtime with a stick.*

This buffalo grass? O, you who are not here,
What if I knock upon your tombs and say:
The grass is back! Why are you still away?

I know the myth for Spring I used to know:
The Son of God was pinned to a wooden truss
But lived again, His blood contiguous

To mine, His blood still ticking like a clock
Against the collar of my overcoat
That I have buttoned tight to warm my throat.

*Who was His lover? That might keep Him nearer.*
*Whom did He love in Springtime fingering*
*All fruit to come in any blossom white?*
*Cupping His hand for tips of nakedness*
*And whispering:*

*"You are the flowers, Beloved,*
*You are the footstep in the darkness always,*
*You are the first beginning of forever,*
*The first fire, the wash of it, the light,*
*The sweetest plume of wind for a walled town"?*

I light my pipe. A heavy gopher sags
Into her burrow scarfed with striping snow,
So quick, so slow, I hardly see her go.

Yonder, a barbed-wire fence, and I remember
Without intention how a wire can twist
A gopher hole until it burns the wrist . . .

*And there are wrists like mine that hang in trees,*
*And overcoats like mine to mulch the stubble,*
*And there are houses where the young men say*
*It would be different if the harbors and*
*The looms were ours . . .*
*The end of women wailing for a ship.*

But sundown changes day to yesterday:
The purple light withdraws from purple light,
The listing mountains close the lilies tight.

Above the blackness still one falcon burns,
So high, so pale, the palest star seems nearer,
One fleck of sun, one atom-floating mirror.

His shadow will not strike this world tonight:
There is a darker homing hollow bone
Of wings returning gives to wings unknown.

My tilted skull? My socket eyes? Are these
With chalk of steers apprenticed to the grass
When mountains wear away and falcons pass?

*No answer is.*

*No policy of rock*
*Or angel speaks.*

*Yet there could come a child*
*A long time hence at sundown to this prairie,*
*A child far-generated, lover to lover,*
*Lover to lover, lover to lover over . . .*

*(O I can hear them coming, hear them speaking*
*Far as the pale arroyos of the moon.)*

*The child could walk this prairie where I stand,*
*Seeing the sundown spokes of purple turning,*
*The child could whisper to a falcon floating:*
*"I am not lost.*

*They told me of this prairie:*
*This is the prairie where they used to come*
*To watch the lilies and to watch the falcons."*

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## Mr. Babbitt Runs Middletown

(*Continued from page 4*)

may have been shaken to its foundations by the harsh facts of the depression, but Middletown is still rigidly fundamentalist in its economics. Its industrialists and business leaders screech anathemas at all mention of economic planning, insist with contentious self-righteousness that depressions are "inevitable," and successfully and gleefully have fought to a standstill all projects for unionization and collective bargaining in the town. Its leading industrialist dynasty—termed the "X brothers" by the Lynds but easily recognizable as the Ball Brothers glass jar magnateship—has taken the lead in maintaining a low wage policy, while with its other hand the vast gifts it has bestowed upon local civic and charitable enterprises have reduced the community to a state of psychological dependence upon its munificences: exercising, as the Lynds put it, "the sort of control that makes men hesitant about making decisions of importance unless they are in harmony with the X policies."

With good old-fashioned American sentimentalism, Middletown still ducks all the economic and social implications of class stratification. "We treat our workers right and they are not made to feel different," various employers told the Lynds, and "one got a distinct impression that they (the employer group) do not like to think of 'classes' and feel happier in ignoring the possibility of their existence." Yet at the same time out of the nascently aristocratic side of their mouths the same community overlords were attributing the workers' depression distresses to their being "intellectually inferior . . . a crummy lot biologically," who "love" routine mechanical jobs because "there isn't anything in them to begin with."

And with all these contradictions between the democratic fetish of the classless society and the aristocratic conception of Babbitt as the biological superman stirring in the Middletonian brain, the Lynds encountered a curious symptom. Boys and girls of the working class, they report, "now no longer brave the front door of the high school with the steps crowded with the richer students looking [them] over, but go around to the side entrance." In other words, the depression, as between the white collar bourgeoisie and the newly created unemployed and relief worker groups, has heightened the class divisions without, however, inspiring Middletown with honesty enough to admit even to itself that classes are present.

Furthermore, with even less foremanships to be promoted to than at the time of the Lynds' 1925 visit, with its youth unemployment problem only slightly better than at the depths of the depression, and with the managerial posts in its industries practically closed except to members of the technical and college-trained sub-executive staffs, Middletown still adheres to the official belief that the ordinary worker can "rise to the top" by his own efforts. It believes that it is a subtle but unmistakable sign of his mental and moral inferiority if he fails to do so, and it cherishes, in corollary, the ancient Puritan tenet that civilization will be saved by directionless hard work and purposeless saving rather than by any "theoretical" plans for organizing community production and spending.

Intimations of an "economy of abundance" have left the local economic ethos untouched, and the Lynds, in commenting on the almost "masochistic" fervor with which the "emotional sanctions" of a scarcity economy are cultivated in the 1930s, report that "it is characteristic that one feels at home in Middletown in reading a writer like Malthus. One might almost be listening to a speaker in a Middletown civic club when one reads (from Malthus's 1798 edition of 'The Principle of Population')":

> Suppose that by a subscription of the rich the eighteen pence a day which men earn now was made up to five shillings. . . . [This] would make every man fancy himself comparatively rich, and able to indulge himself in many hours or days of leisure. This would give a strong and immediate check to productive industry; and in a short time not only would the nation be poorer, but the lower classes themselves would be much more distressed than when they received only eighteen pence a day.

Furthermore, along with this disbelief in classes and this belief in the wholesomeness of low wages which sharpen the class divisions, goes a touching faith in the entrepreneur and industrialist as the magic motive power behind the whole economic system. Abolish the capitalistic employer, Middletown thinks, or even seriously narrow his privileges, and not only would production cease but community life and community wealth, as Middletown sees it, would disintegrate. For Middletown, according to the Lynds, stands firmly by its pre-depression convictions that "the acquisition of money means not only the production of wealth . . . the creation of socially needed goods . . . but the production of common wealth, *i.e.*, welfare."

Mr. Babbitt, in short, in spite of the deficiencies which the depression has suggested in his management of a power age, continues to stay on top of the heap—a figure too confused to argue about possible organizational improvements in a somewhat maladjusted society and far too busy about his labors as a public benefactor to stand any nonsense from his critics. Just at present, as the Lynds intimate, he hates the Roosevelt administration even less for the light fetters it has laid on his freedom of enterprise than for the slights it has cast upon his competence. In any case, with or without fetters, his power increases.

"Those who . . . skim the cream from the economy," the Lynds write, "also control the press, the radio, the movies [elsewhere the authors cite similar control over the schools and the churches], and other formal media in diffusion of attitudes and opinions. They are thus in a position . . . to tell a cityful of people largely living off the skimmed milk of the economy what to believe."

What they tell them to believe may be sufficiently indicated in these citations which the Lynds have made from the current Middletonian credo. The Middletown gospel holds—

"That the American democratic form of government is the final and ideal form of government.

"That a man 'really gets what is coming to him in the United States.'

"That ordinarily any man willing to work can get a job.

"That the captains of industry are social benefactors because they create employment.

"That it is a man's own fault if he is dependent in his old age.

"That labor organization is unwise and un-American in that it takes away the worker's freedom and initiative, puts him under the control of outsiders, and seeks to point a gun at the head of business.

"That depressions are . . . a normal aspect of business.

"That the reason wages are not higher is because industry cannot afford to pay them.

"That . . . unemployment insurance . . . is demoralizing both to the recipient and to the business man taxed to support [it].

"That it is dangerous to acquaint children (in schools or colleges) with points of view that question 'the fundamentals.'

"That radicals ['reds,' 'communists,' 'socialists,' and 'atheists'—the terms are fairly interchangeable in Middletown] want to . . . 'wreck American civilization.'

"That schools should teach the facts of past experience about which 'sound, intelligent people agree.'"

Prohibition has gone, the Ku Klux agitation is at least for the time being quiescent, and the war over sex enfranchisement, according to the Lynds, has been won by the younger generation so completely that they no longer feel the need of filling the Middletonian air with their battle cries of freedom.

But I do not think any other proofs than these need to be adduced that Mr. Babbitt is continuing to live, as the amateur sociologists of the twenties accused him, in a "dream America." Perhaps since Mr. Mencken's bellows, before he began dramatizing himself as a taxpayer, failed to awaken him, something can be done in the way of alarm clock surgery by such eminent radicals as Charles E. Hughes and Owen J. Roberts.

*Duncan Aikman, a newspaper man now working in Washington, is the author of "The Home Town Mind."*

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JOHN HOLMES

# Napoleon Again

*BONAPARTE. By Eugene Tarlé. New York: Knight Publications.* 1937. $4.50.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON

It has often been claimed for Napoleon that he consolidated the victory of the French Revolution. This of course is not the case. He borrowed from the Revolution those forms designed to further the economic development of the French bourgeoisie, but in doing so he extinguished the revolutionary flame that had been burning so fiercely for ten years. He did not so much "complete" the Revolution as "liquidate" it.

THESE sentiments may have been expressed by individual teachers of European history but they have rarely been put into print. The social significance of Napoleon's policy has too frequently been lost in the broad generalization that he carried the principles of the Revolution throughout Europe. This, in truth, he did, but it was only in a very limited sense.

Napoleon's victory was the victory of the upper bourgeoisie, and, when he fell, their march, though impeded for a moment, continued. By the same token, his advent spelled, by 1797, the defeat of the *bourgeoisie moyenne.* Most of his legislation profited their superiors. It created conditions which guaranteed the peaceful acquisition of money in trade and industry. It gave to employers full and complete authority over workers, and his policy established "militant protection" of the French domestic market from competition. As for the peasantry, although they worshipped him as "General Vendémiaire" who had mowed down the royalist reaction of 1796 and who had protected them against the return of the Bourbon system, his measures kept them where they were, shut them in, and maintained them in their innate conservatism.

In short, Napoleon stopped the Revolution before it had captured the peasants of the provinces and the workers. He weakened further the power of the old nobility, even when he tolerated some of them, and he tied up the fortunes of the higher middle class to his own.

At the same time, the bourgeois advance which he took over from the Revolution served Napoleon in a military way. It aided him in that it made possible his vast armies, the consciousness of the rank and file, and the new principles of the recruiting levies.

This is the interpretation of M. Tarlé in his study of Napoleon. Editor of the *Revue des Etudes Napoléoniennes* and head of the Section of Universal History of the Leningrad Historical Research Institute, M. Tarlé has had access to all the important known sources. He has been able to add thereto materials from the Russian State Archives. There are not many who will take issue with the general thesis expounded by him, but there are some who will feel that too many other factors are left out of consideration, that his book has been written by a historian who approaches the problem from the point of view of the Marxian concept of history, and as such, fails to take into account many other factors still regarded as important. M. Tarlé's approach to a study of the Empire is decidedly novel and suggestive. The aspect he presents of the results of Napoleon's career has been too little treated, but it will remain for some other author, probably, to take this same interpretation and fit it into the already firmly established fabric of our knowledge of Napoleon and his times. It is hard to agree with some who have said that this book is the equal of the works of Rose, Fournier, and Kircheisen. It does, however, suggest another type of Napoleonic study that will surely be of interest and, very likely, of real value.

*John M. S. Allison is professor of history at Yale University.*

## The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 13)

at Cambridge, he formed an ambition to edit Donne's complete works. He tells how this ambition changed: "publishers shrank," he found that others were better fitted for the task, and he charmingly admits that he himself, good old lad, doesn't "feel much enthusiasm for Donne as a poet." It was not young Jack Donne, but the great Dean, who appealed to Mr. Jessopp. &&& Herein we differ, to some extent; but what could be more charming than the good rector's confession:—

"I would not, for all that this world could give, pass into that other world—the world of spirits blest—fearing to meet my great teacher and master and friend, Dr. John Donne, as I should fear to meet him if consciously I had borne false witness here—against him or for him."

&&& This reminds me that Arthur Davison Ficke wrote a very graceful poem on the theme—

Among the angels, there is one
I hope with all my heart to meet—
That worthy prelate Dr. Donne
Strolling down the Celestial Street.

(in Mr. Ficke's volume *The Secret,* Doubleday, 1936). &&& When Colonel Isham gets through discovering all the Boswell stuff I wish he'd find a croquet-box full of poems and letters by John Donne—such letters as the one beginning:—

"I write not to you out of my poor Library, where to cast mine eye upon good Authors kindles or refreshes sometimes meditations not unfit to communicate. . . . But I write from the fire side in my Parler, and in the noise of three gamesome children." &&& I wish there were a portrait of this scene. &&& How the spring frog-shrill of North America would have startled Donne, and what a rare fantastique elegie or apocalypse he'd have written about it.

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# A Communist on the Negro Question

*THE NEGRO QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES. By James S. Allen. New York: International Publishers.* $2.

Reviewed by JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

THE interest of this book would not be diminished if the first eight of its ten chapters were omitted. This is not to say that those chapters contain nothing of value, but that what they contain has already been well said many times before. The first half of the book shows painstaking study and research. Whoever reads it will, to say the least, be reviewing an informing presentation of the history, the conditions, and the consequences to the Negro of sharecropping in the cotton states. A penetrating observation, one, however, that has frequently been made, is that Emancipation left the Negroes of the plantation in practically the same economic situation that they occupied as slaves. The author clearly shows that the sharecropping system is in all essentials a prolongation of the slave system.

The meat of the book and its main interest are contained in the ninth chapter. For Mr. Allen has not only made a survey of the Negro question in the United States, he has also come forward with a solution of the problem. The solution is set forth under the heading, "The Right of Self-Determination." What does the author mean by the right of self-determination? In the book is a zigzag and tortuous diagram which embraces a territory termed "The Black Belt." Mr. Allen has figured that in this territory 50.3 per cent of the population consists of Negroes, and concludes that they are entitled to self-determination and can achieve it. This he puts forward as not only the logical solution of the Negro question but as a feasible one. How does he propose that this shall be brought about? I quote from the author:

> Any one seriously concerned with the perspectives of the proletarian revolution—not as a chimera, but as a reality—must recognize the oppressed Negro people as a powerful supplementary and even initiating force. This is true in the North as well as in the South. But the plantation South has all the prerequisites for providing a "Peasant War" as ally of the proletarian revolution.

And further:

> The highest political expression of the fulfilment of the democratic revolution in the South is the creation of the Negro Republic in the area approximating the present Black Belt.

Just what will be the attitude and action of the 49.7 per cent of whites in the Black Belt while the Negroes are engaged in a revolution to seize portions of a dozen states along with the first and second capitals of the late Confederacy in order to set up an independent republic, the author does not indicate. Nor does he appear to contemplate that the Federal Government would be particularly interested in the matter.

This solution, to use the mildest term applicable, is fantastic. To any one familiar with the situation beyond mere population percentages it is impracticable and impossible. I might add that to any one west of Moscow it ought to be absurd. The author's dream visions the Negro Republic as the first in the U.S.S.R. of America.

*James Weldon Johnson is professor of creative literature at Fisk University. His autobiography, "Along This Way," is an illuminating document on the problems of the Negro in America.*

# Quiet Voice

*LETTERS OF FANNY BRAWNE TO FANNY KEATS (1820-1824). Edited with a Biographical Introduction by Fred Edgcumbe. New York: Oxford University Press.* 1937. $3.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS BUSH

FANNY BRAWNE has been, apart from Amy Lowell's privileged defence, the victim of an inevitable *a priori* condemnation, since no woman could be imagined as a mate worthy of Keats, and then, too, she has been a shadowy figure to be given substance by the commentator's usually hostile intuitions. It is a satisfaction to hear at last the quiet voice of Fanny herself.

The thirty-one letters, admirably edited from the originals which have come to rest in the Keats Memorial House, cover the period from September, 1820, when Keats sailed for Italy, to June, 1824. They make us wish more than ever that we had Fanny's earlier letters to Keats himself, yet they are quite enough to correct the tradition. She may not at first have appreciated him as either a poet or a lover—and his strained and passionate possessiveness might have been difficult for any girl to cope with—but there is no doubt that the writer of these letters feels intense love and admiration and sorrow. The Fanny Brawne of common legend, in writing to Keats's sister, would have revealed either shallow heartlessness or shallow affectation of grief. As it is, her direct expressions of feeling, though not numerous, are all the more convincing because they break through a dignified reticence. There is character too in the thoughtful consideration she shows for Fanny Keats in passing on the latest news from Italy, or, later, in the shyly loyal echoing of her lover's critical opinions. If her intelligence could not follow his very far—and whose could?—she did realize his greatness and the tragedy of his end. But her chief and womanly concern is for the suffering of John Keats the man. When she shrinks from having people couple their names, it is not from lack of love or pride but the reverse. One should remember such words as these:

> All his friends have forgotten him, they have got over the first shock, and that with them is all. They think I have done the same, which I do not wonder at, for I [have] taken care never to trouble them with any feelings of mine, but I can tell you who next to me (I must say NEXT to me) loved him best, that I have not got over it and never shall.

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# Live Together and Like It

*A DECLARATION OF INTERDEPENDENCE. By H. A. Overstreet. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1937. $3.*

Reviewed by HAROLD U. FAULKNER

PROFESSOR OVERSTREET'S thesis, stated very briefly and inadequately, is somewhat as follows: with the coming of the Industrial Revolution the old America slipped away. A new civilization has taken its place, a civilization characterized by paper property, absentee ownership, and plutocratic rule which has brought with it a degradation of farmer, artisan, business man, and professional worker. In this new order has come the exploitation of the consumer, of the laborer, and of children, and a decline in all of the finer values. If America is to save itself, it must recognize the effects of the Industrial Revolution, the end of rugged individualism, and the necessity of a coöperative interdependent society. And this interdependence must become effective in the world of wages and labor relations, money and credit, producer and consumer, voter and office holder, in the realm of conservation, industrial ownership, and international relations.

All this sounds simple and elementary enough. Anyone with the slightest tinge of liberalism would probably agree with every word of it. Nor is there anything new to anyone acquainted with the literature of protest. The unfortunate aspects of American civilization have been blasted repeatedly and much more thoroughly (*e.g.*, such books as Norman Thomas, "Human Exploitation"), and programs for action have been offered of a more detailed and thorough fashion (*e.g.*, Harry Laidler, "A Program for Modern America"). Professor Overstreet, however, was obviously making no attempt to do this sort of thing. His is not a book for the sophisticated liberal or radical; it aims rather at the ordinary American, the person who realizes that something has happened and is groping for a social philosophy. This volume, written in such simple language that it almost seems to have been subjected to the Thorndike word test for the high school level, actually explains the America of today and offers a sane program.

With the first two thirds of the book it would be difficult to disagree. Some positions in the latter part, however, open themselves to heated argument from the left. The volume is a little irritating to the historian because a large proportion of the historical references are incorrect. Watt did not invent the steam engine after looking at a tea kettle (p. 16); he merely improved it. The explanation of the origin of the plantation system is dubious (p. 34), likewise the suggestion (p. 141) that the abolitionists forced the Civil War on us. But this is not a book on history; it is an extremely intelligent diagnosis of present-day American civilization. There are few who could not read it with profit.

*Harold U. Faulkner is professor of history at Smith College.*


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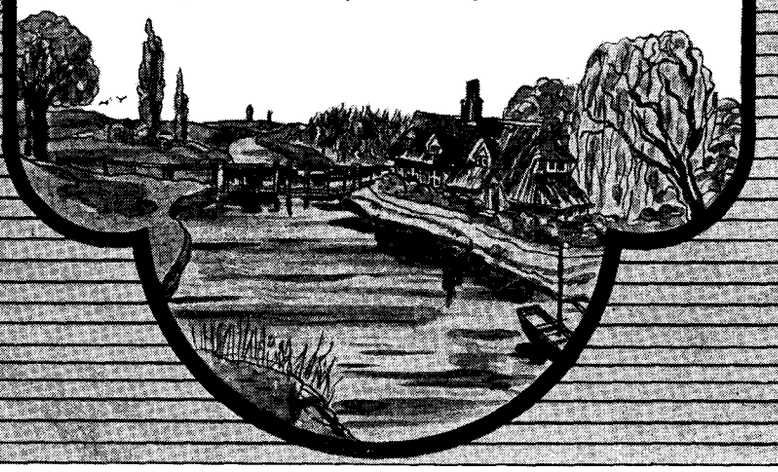

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# The New Books

## Fiction

*TODAY IS FOREVER. By Ramona Herdman. Harpers. 1937. $2.*

Sidney Lane, the heroine of Miss Herdman's novel, belongs to that enormous group of people who incline to believe that some one other than themselves is to blame for the fact that they are no longer twenty, and are filled with psychic unease. She is persuaded that if she can turn back the pages of her life far enough she will come on the villain in her personal piece, burn him in effigy, and begin over again, a Phoenix rising from the ashes of tardy revenge. She is sure she can do it without priest or analyst. This experiment is apt to be a failure. Ramona Herdman makes of it a sufficiently entertaining novel.

Sidney Lane is a successful actress. Retired from the stage, and living in France, an arid malaise falls on her. A desire to go "back to a place, to a moment, to a feeling perhaps, but to something that was her own, a moment to which she could give herself completely." Back she goes, and the reader with her, to retravel as best may be the path of all her years. She returns to the middle New York state town where she grew up, but fails to find her "moment" there. So, somewhat surprisingly, she returns to the husband she has left, only to find, as she rather unfairly knew all along, there was no "moment" for her in his handsome house. She departs just as she did before. Her return to the stage, and her stupendous first night triumph despite the fact that only a few hours before curtain time she had attempted death by on over-dose of sleeping medicine, seem to leave Sidney as unsatisfied and unconvinced as they do us.

"Today Is Forever" sums up into a great deal of really good writing about a woman who doesn't matter much. Ramona Herdman is imaginative and talented enough to devise less exclusively introverted characters, and next time we hope she will.

F. W.

*QUEEN'S FOLLY. By Elswyth Thane. Harcourt, Brace. 1937. $2.50.*

Miss Thane's pleasant novel, which carries its story from Elizabethan days to the present, makes its way through the centuries by following the fortunes of a family and a house. It opens with the first Anthony Brand who, as guerdon for a favor done his sovereign, wins her portrait and a modest farm, and ends in 1936 when his descendant is saved from the necessity of selling the picture to pay the taxes on what has developed into a noble estate by the love and millions of an American girl. As epoch succeeds epoch the house and the portrait maintain their dominance in the tale but Miss Thane has been deft in shifting the emphasis so that what has originally been allegiance to monarch and gratitude for royal favor becomes devotion to the house itself. The novel is at its best in the episodes of the past, for Miss Thane knows her historical background well and is skillful in setting her scene. If her characters are stereotypes of costume fiction they yet move through good romantic and sometimes swashbuckling incident of the bustling times of Elizabeth and Charles II with liveliness and vigor. The last third of the book, with its tale of the present, is a fairly commonplace love story, cut to the pattern of the screen to which, as a matter of fact, the book as a whole would well lend itself. "Queen's Folly" has not the interest of Miss Thane's "The Tudor Wench" or of her "Young Mr. Disraeli," but it is nevertheless a smooth and entertaining romance. Those who like historical novels will like it very much.

A. L.

*NIGHTS OF AN OLD CHILD. By Heinz Liepmann. Lippincott. 1937. $2.50.*

During the war and the years immediately following it, no German child could live as a child. From a whole generation the rights of childhood were snatched away. Such a situation is deadly for even the least emotional youngster; but for a boy of imagination and practically morbid sensitivity it is indescribable. Yet Heinz Liepmann attempts to show its effects on himself. This novel is largely autobiography, and as such loses in perspective what it gains in actuality. Nevertheless, the lack of objectivity does not keep it from being a terrible condemnation of the war and the peace —of all war and dictated peace. The only relief, the only hope in the whole tale is the fact that the protagonist lived to tell of his despair.

S. N.

## History

*ROMAN BRITAIN AND THE ENGLISH SETTLEMENTS. By R. G. Collingwood and J. N. L. Myers. Oxford. 1937. $5.*

This excellent history of Roman Britain, and of the dark and obscure centuries in which the English were establishing themselves beside a ruined civilization, is likely for some time to be the standard book on the subject. The authors, who have not collaborated but rather divided the period between them, have taken advantage of all the recent archeological evidence and with great historical judgment used it to modify and develop the historical and literary facts as they have been known before. One finds here the first satisfactory account of what the so-called departure of the Romans in the fifth century really meant. In the fourth century the Roman towns in England declined with the towns all over the Empire, owing largely to faulty economic organization. The country, however, remained highly prosperous, and it was only the general demoralization of government and the constant raids of the pirates that led to the breakdown of the fifth century, which was not so much general slaughter as the earlier historians have told us, as an acute breakdown of standards of living. Hence the new English civilization was built not so much upon the destruction of a Romano-British

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civilization as beside its decay and decline. King Arthur in this book appears intelligibly as the military leader of a cavalry troop organized on a basis common on the Continent in the late Empire, and operating in many regions in a Britain which, in spite of its many kinglets, still had a sense of unity. His mobile army repelled successfully the invader and kept a kind of sub-Roman civilization going, at least in the West, throughout the sixth century. This is a highly documented and yet very readable book, comprehensive in its scope and very satisfactory in its handling of the exceedingly difficult problems of this historical period. In default of an extensive and specialized review, this description must serve to indicate its importance.

H. S. C.

## Miscellaneous

*SNAKES AND THEIR WAYS. By C. H. Curran and Carl Kauffeld. Harpers.* 1937. $3.50.

William Beebe in a foreword says this book presents the first thoroughly general treatment of serpents. It is certainly one of the most interesting, for with such scientific apparatus as a check-list of snakes, it goes into vivid descriptions of the appearance and actions of snakes, and personal experiences with snakes all over the world. The chapter on rattlesnakes is particularly good; and readers will be pleased to find a really satisfactory discussion of the sea serpent which leaves the great calamary or giant squid of the ocean depths as responsible for most of the stories. The photographs are excellent. This should be a valuable library book.

R. R.

*PALESTINE AT THE CROSSROADS. By Ladislas Farago. Putnams.* 1937. $3.50.

Mr. Farago is an English journalist of Hungarian extraction who went to Palestine in June, 1936 and stayed for two months. He seems to have been able to talk with everybody who was anybody—the leaders of the Jews and the Arabs, the Emir Abdallah of Transjordan, and the British High Commissioner. In addition he seems to have got around in Palestine. This book is the record of what he saw and heard, with enough sizing of background to make it a substantial contribution to an understanding of the actual confrontation of forces in Palestine. The record appears to be set down objectively and with as little prejudice as is humanly possible. It gives an elaborate picture of Jews and Arabs and a very sketchy picture of the English rulers and pacifiers of both. But the two chapters dealing with the last ("Which is Forever England" and "Pillars of Empire") are the critical chapters, without which the narrative would have neither focus nor pattern. Those two chapters cast an imperial light upon events in Palestine, showing how Jews and Arabs alike may seem, and even believe themselves, to be moved by their own purposes and ruled by their own passions while they are real-

(*Continued on page* 26)

# The Criminal Record

## The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE FALCON CUTS IN *Drexel Drake* (Lippincott: $2.) | Falcon, self-appointed scourge of underworld, and faithful henchman "Sarge" break up a nasty mob of thugs and gem thieves. | Superhumanly clever hero may get on reader's nerves at times but as gangster stuff it packs plenty of hefty punches. | Thriller |
| ONE MAN'S MUDDLE *E. Baker Quinn* (Macmillan: $2.) | English ex-convict seeking solitude runs smack into double murder which he helps to solve—thus putting himself in stir again. | Swiftly moving, machine-gun dialogued affair of dope fiends, decadent gentry, and a hard-boiled, mysterious, but likable narrator. | Good stuff |
| THE DRAGON'S JAWS *Frank L. Packard* (Crime Club: $2.) | Kidnapped millionaire who dies in toils of Chinese bandits avenged by son who also saves fortune in jools and wins gal. | Barring surprising revelation at end there's little mystery here, but the thrills are 100% and don't let up till blazing finish. | Exciting |

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We sent copies of *Dead Reckoning* before publication to three of the mystery writers whose works we admire above all others. We asked them whether or not we were wrong in thinking that it was one of the best thrillers we've read in years. This is what they answered:

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*(Mr. Stout is the creator of Nero Wolfe)*

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*(Miss Eberhart is author of "The White Cockatoo," etc.)*

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*by Margery Mansfield*

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# The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

EVER since I read her novel, "Long Will," I have admired the work of *Florence Converse*. I reviewed her most original last book of poetry, "Efficiency Expert," in these columns. I like her because she is the kind of radical I conceive myself to be. I never was a party man of any kind. I will say quite frankly that I think her nadir is reached in such lines as

*Up, my chosen! Up, my Wellesley!*
*Up, tomorrow's glorious child!*

Still, it isn't much worse than Tennyson's "Form, form, riflemen form!" A call-to-arms that rings true and is poetry is about the most difficult thing in the world to write. But admitting that Miss Converse's worst poetry is pretty bad, her best has a vigor and original flavor that one misses among the innumerable sweet violets of the little lady poets. Moreover, here's a woman who combines archaism with a realistic grasp of what is going on in the world today. I have been speaking of Miss Converse's "Collected Poems" (Dutton: $2.50). Of course she is of the old era of liberals and humanitarians; but then that's my own era; so naturally I feel at home in it.

*Tintagel was a proud demesne,*
*That now lies desert and forlorn.*

I like the sting of these lines, too, written concerning the Shelley Memorial in University College, Oxford. It reminds me of what I think *Elinor Wylie* was feeling when we once stood viewing it together.

*Ye could not know that surely, one by one,*
*Those silly dreams of his would drift ashore*
*To waiting hearts—your hearts—grown covetous.*
*Aye, deck his shrine,—run, relic-seekers, run,*
*Rescue his sea-changed dreams! interpret us*
*His message! He is dead, unbar the door!*

*Louise Bogan* stands in the front rank of American women poets, with but a few others. Her latest book is "The Sleeping Fury" (Scribners: $2.50). Hers is an aristocratic art secreting bitterness, with a slight Celtic flavor. I have not read a better poem about Life as the Medusa than her title poem. Also her "Man Alone" is true man; and considering the fact that there are only twenty-five poems in this book, the technical variety is remarkable. She is most adroit with cadence and phrase. Her emotional life is the dark glass of these poems, and she has made a certain astringent beauty her own. Here is an extraordinary love poem:

*I turned from side to side, from image to image, to put you down,*
*All to no purpose; for you the rhymes would not ring—*
*Not for you, beautiful and ridiculous, as are always the true inheritors of love,*
*The bearers; their strong hair moulded to their foreheads as though by the pressure of hands.*
*It is you that must sound in me secretly for the little time before my mind, schooled in desperate esteem, forgets you—*
*And it is my virtue that I cannot give you out,*
*That you are absorbed into my strength, my mettle,*
*That in me you are matched, and that it is silence which comes from us.*

That sounds like a very fine translation from the Gaelic, yet it is a modern woman speaking!

Next Tuesday Houghton Mifflin and Company will issue the "Selected Poems" of *Edith Sitwell*, with two new poems and an introductory essay. The price is three dollars; and if you want to read the most interesting discussion of how and why a certain type of poetry is put together—the best since Poe's *post facto* analysis of "The Raven," you should read Miss Sitwell concerning her own poetry. The shrewdest thing she says about herself is this:

> If some of the images in these poems appear strange, it is because my senses are like those of primitive peoples, at once acute and uncovered—and they are interchangeable; where the language of one sense is insufficient to convey a meaning, a sensation, I use another, and by this means, I attempt to pierce down to the essence of the thing seen, producing or heightening its significance by discovering in it

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attributes which at first sight seem alien, but which are actually related—by producing its quintessential color (sharper, brighter, than that seen by an eye grown stale), and by stripping it of all unessential details. The apparent strangeness comes, too, from the fact that all expression is welded into an image, not removed into a symbol that is inexact, or squandered into a metaphor.

If you read the fresh, brilliant, vivid, amusing, and also beautiful and trenchant poems of Miss Sitwell with the above excellent analysis in mind you will really have a grand time. Don't try to swallow the book whole. Pick it up when you feel jaded and let it amaze you. Miss Sitwell, in spite of the emphasis she puts upon her dealing with simple emotions, is also as technically coruscating as was our own Amy Lowell. And I sympathize concerning what she calls, "the Bungalow School of Verse" whose members "do not recognize the country when they see it, since they are far too busy making an irritating noise with their motor-bicycles, that are always being wound up and that never start." One's general lay impression of a motor-cycle has certainly never been better stated than that! Also in her prose notes to her own poetry Miss Sitwell has written at least one line of—to me—delightful poetry. It is when she says: "I was born by the wildest seas that England knows." That has the spinal chill in it!

To this poet not only words but vowels and consonants have potentialities of which we seldom think. But, above all, she has an iridescent mind. For being fantastical, amusing, romantic, and loving words to dance a sort of ballet, is she any the less serious and "significant"? Must we always walk on square toes and cast sheep's eyes at grotesque Nature and Human Nature? Nay, rather appreciate the fandangos! She can be drastic and even termagant when she pleases.

Those are nice words. I like almost all of them!

*Thomas Moult's* collection of "The Best Poems of 1936" (meaning the best poems printed during that year in English and American magazines) is distinguished by *Archibald MacLeish's* "Speech to the Detractors" and *Frederic Prokosch's* "Going Southward," to mention only two of the seventy-five and more inclusions. Some others, too, are notable, but I will leave you to find them. Mr. Moult publishes his anthology every year in this country through Harcourt, Brace.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 160)

HEINRICH HEINE—
"DECLARATION."*

And with strong hands, from Norway's mighty forests
I'll tear the highest pine;
And dip it deep
Into Aetna's glowing crater,
And with such a pen,
Fiery and gigantic,
I'll write upon the darkening dome of heaven:
"Agnes, I love you."

*Translation by Louis Untermeyer.


*A New Book by*

# Laura E. Richards

Here is a delightful story about the partly true adventures of the author's husband, who at the age of nine in 1857 went for a holiday to England. Its re-creation of an idyllic summer of childhood pleasures makes it one of the most charming books Laura E. Richards, beloved by children of all ages, author of "Captain January," has ever written.

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*says*

Christopher Morley

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GOSSE, his praise of Kipling—
JOHNSON, DR., on the Mass—
LOVE, impossible to square up to—
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## Private Presses

*A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MATERIAL RELATING TO PRIVATE PRESSES. By Irvin Haas. Chicago: Black Cat Press.* 1937. $3.50.

MR. HAAS already has had two books dealing with printing to his credit: "Bruce Rogers: a Bibliography," published last year, and "A Bibliography of Modern American Presses," issued the year before. He now has compiled a list of 278 items dealing with private presses—books, magazine articles, and important reviews.

Just what is a "private" press is very unsatisfactorily answered in this book. Between the activities of Franklin's Passy Press and the work of the Merrymount Press there is more than a lapse in time and difference in locality. The press at Passy was, in most ways, a plaything, a private enterprise conducted for no pecuniary profit. Such printing houses as the Merrymount Press or the Nonesuch Press, on the other hand, are essentially business enterprises, differing only in the quality of their output from any successful book or job printer. I can see no reason at all for the inclusion in this book of references to such establishments as "private" presses. On the other hand, the first private press, that of Johann Müller, or Regiomontanus, of Nuremberg, is not mentioned, nor such an essentially private enterprise as the Vatican printing house. It is a fine line, which can be drawn between the "private" and the "commercial" printing house; nothing seems to be really private any more.

If allowance is made for these deficiences in the book, it will prove useful to students of modern printing. Most of the essential books are listed, as well as many useful essays and reviews—and it is in the latter places that information about contemporaries is usually hidden away. The section devoted to "Articles in Periodicals" will prove very helpful. There is an introduction by Mr. Ransom, and a very good index.

The book has been designed by Norman W. Forgue, and carefully printed.

## Colophon and Signature

The two publications here linked together may seem a bit incongruous in their mating, but both are of interest to book lovers, and both appear at leisurely intervals of several months. *Signature* was reviewed some months ago in this column for the four numbers already issued; the fifth has just come to hand. It is a modest periodical, but whets one's appetite for more, which can hardly be said of so many of our bloated and advertisement-ridden magazines. This number contains an article on "Surrealism" in book illustration, which singularly fails to convince one of the sanity of that bizarre amateurishness. So far as book illustration is concerned, the surrealist is exhibited as a dabster of puerile imagination and juvenile technique. The other contributions are of sounder value:—an article on Hebrew types by Ellic Howe, a showing of the crude but frequently effective work of Barnett Freedman; a couple of old showcards from Mr. John Johnson's Valhalla at Oxford; and some lithographed shop fronts by Eric Revilious. Altogether not so good a number as some previous issues, but there is one finely set advertisement, and a specimen of Mr. Schonfield's "Caslon" Hebrew, with roman and italic capitals and lower case.

The current number of *The Colophon* is the second in the second volume of the second series. I like the new format better than I did the old—it is quieter and more easily handled. Whether the contents are better or worse I cannot say, for to me there appears to be no great change.

Offhand I should say that in the present number the best written article is Sinclair Lewis's on "Breaking into Print"; the most entertaining, Manning Hawthorne's on "Hawthorne and 'The Man of God'"; the most important, at least in a literary way, M. F. Ashley-Montague's "Three Unknown Portraits of Walter Savage Landor." But tastes differ. There are essays on how to write a bibliography, on the law as to ownership of letters, on one of Mark Twain's hoaxes, on Walt Whitman and "his bright particular star, Mary Costelloe," on J. N. Reynolds, on lost literary property, and a breath-taking account of the "leisure time" activity of a book designer in his own printing office. An unusual feature is a group of four pictures of private book rooms.

## Shorter Notes

The March issue of the Limited Editions Club is a new printing of Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol." I wonder if anyone has ever made a check-list of editions of the poem? This edition has an introduction by Burton Rascoe, and lithographs by Zhenya Gay. But it is too well printed: it lacks Wilde's terrible realism and the brutality of the gallows.

"Cause Célèbre, or, Book Reviewers Reviewed," by Stringfellow Barr, is a gibe at book reviewers which I am afraid they fully deserve. It has been put into attractive form by Mr. Samuel T. Farquhar of the University of California Press.

"Hartford, 1832," is a series of entries from a hypothetically hydrated copy of the supposed memoirs of Hepzibah Smith. Each of the seven entries, dealing with a trip to Hartford from remote Windsor Locks, is illustrated with a reproduction of old Hartford scenes originally engraved on wood by Morton C. Hansen. The reduction of the pictures is a little unfortunate, but the format of the book—a "Keepsake" of the Columbiad Club, and limited to twenty-five copies—is cheerful, and the reading is good.

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# Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

TRADE WINDS congratulates both Dodd Mead & Company and our old friend Ray Bond on the latter's election as Secretary of the firm. ☞Raymond T. Bond, to give him his rarely used full entitulars, has worked for D. M. since 1920. He is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Wesleyan, an M.A. from Columbia, and at one time taught in the New York City high schools. ☞Ray's first job for Dodd Mead was as salesman on the road, where he is well remembered by bookseller friends. As editor he compiled *Everybody's Plutarch*. The Dodd Mead announcement says "Many of the D. M. books are the better for his blue pencil," which is Literature's ultimate tribute. Too many boblishers have forgotten that such a thing as a blue pencil exists.

☞It's nice now at The Fantods, Old Q.'s cabin in the woods. Old Q. sits there listening alternately to the flicker and the Flecker (one of his favorite poets). ☞Saw Mr. Hilaire Belloc at a lunch given by Michael Williams of the *Commonweal*, but had no chance to ask him about Ruth Pitter, an English poet whose work he has heartily praised. ☞Like his colleague the Bowling Green, Old Q. rereads John Donne every spring; let who will chide "my palsie, or my gout, my five gray haires" the old rustic can still match zag with zig. ☞*Hormone sum, nihil hormoni a me alienum puto.* ☞In April and May our favorite publisher is always the Facsimile Text Society, 2960 Broadway, N. Y. C., which issues such delicious replicas of famous rarities at minuscule price—think of an exact facsimile of Donne's *Anatomie of the World* (1621) "wherein the frailtie and the decay of this whole World is represented," for One Buck. ☞People who are keen about literature, if they should write for the little microcosmographic catalogue of the F. T. S., what fun could be had. You can join the Society for $5, which gives you 25% discount on all their books. ☞A book we shall carefully preserve as one of the Most Terrible of All Time is *Dead Is The Doornail* by Paul Haggard (Lippincott). There is just one loophole: was it perhaps meant as a sardonic burlesque of the hardboiled wisecracking crime story? If so, it might have had merit: but alas it's too long to operate as burlesque, which comes only in short sixes. This, says the publisher, is the first book in which Mr. Haggard, a prolific radio criminologist, emerges from Anonymity. It was rash. But he has a very acute sense of humor, if he could find an editor to advise him. ☞We were pleased to hear John Chapman, of the *Daily News*, refer to General Hugh Johnson as one of the best writers going, which is certainly true. His stuff is full of seams, warts, wens, cross-hatched fibres and bumps of callous, but it carries traffic and is on the move. ☞The new Nero Wolfe whodunit (*The Red Box*) pleases us: few of its readers will ever get into a car again without looking up at the roof to see whether—but you'll have to read it to find out why. It's a bit long on talk, short on action, but (as they say in Chicago) "definitely" to be read. ☞But the absolute best of all crime stories Old Q. has read this spring is *Dead Reckoning* by Bruce Hamilton. Try it and see; it has the authentic sultry tingle and bowel-twist. ☞At Goodspeed's in Boston, Norman Dodge showed us a fascinating book, *Recollections of Mr. James Lenox and the Formation of His Library* (London, 1887). Are there any secondhand copies lying around? ☞Max Schuster of the Inner Sanctum was met by our reporter as he returned, very bronze, from two months on a dude ranch near Palm Springs, Calif. He says the *Men of Mathematics* has done so well he is now looking for a book that has been recommended by experts, *An Invitation to Mathematics* by Arnold Dresden. Has this been published here, does anyone know?

☞The Spier and Sussman advertising agency, who prepare copy for numerous publishing houses, have moved to larger offices at 40 E. 49. ☞Delighted to see the Atlanta bookshops reporting *Bushman's (sic) Holiday* by Dorothy L. Sayers as a best-seller in the *N. Y. Times* list April 19.

☞The Manchester *Guardian* notes that some English booksellers have supposed *The Flowering of New England* to be a book about gardening. ☞Last October we received from a magazine called *Transition* the following questions "for an Inquiry into the Night-Mind of America"—

1. What has been your most recent characteristic dream? (or day-dream, waking-sleeping hallucination, phantasma?)
2. What ancestral myths or symbols have you observed in your collective unconscious?
3. As a creative artist have you ever felt the need for a new language to express the experiences of your night-mind?

☞We did not answer, we have been too busy keeping awake in the day-time to ponder our nocturnal phantasmas (though some of them have been quite odd); but what did *Transition* learn about America's Night-Mind, if any?

☞M. E. Crocker, librarian at Lock Haven, Pa., sends us a comment on Emily Dickinson which appeared in the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic*, January 1892. It is an interesting specimen of whirligigiana—

"The incoherence and formlessness of her versicles, are fatal. An eccentric, half-educated recluse in an out of the way New England village cannot with impunity set at defiance the laws of gravitation and grammar.

"If Miss Dickinson's *disjecta membra* are poems, then Shakespeare's prolonged imposition should be exposed without further loss of time, and Lord Tennyson ought to be advised of the error of his ways . . . [her] versicles have a queerness and a quaintness that have stirred a momentary curiosity in emotional bosoms. Oblivion lingers in the immediate neighborhood."

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## The New Books

(*Continued from page 21*)

ly being moved as pawns in a game of empire in which oil and harbors for ships and the passage to India are king and queen. And they throw a clear light upon why the peaceful coöperation of Jews with Arabs which should and could have been arranged and encouraged from the day the Mandate began is being everlastingly put off. The implication is that Palestine is at the crossroads for Jews and Arabs because it is being transformed into a literal crossroads for the British Empire. None of this is new, but Mr. Farago exhibits it in the reporter's form of the particular instance and specific event. This gives his book a meaningful concreteness unusual in works of this sort.

H. M. K.


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| | 13-A | 14-X | 15-R | | 16-M | 17-Y | | 18-S | 19-M | 20-X | 21-A | | 22-Z | 23-Q | 24-F | 25-P | |
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| 55-G | 56-E | 57-Z | | 58-P | 59-Q | 60-B | 61-J | 62-W | 63-D | 64-R | 65-F | 66-N | 67-V | 68-Y | | 69-A | 70-G |
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| 175-N | 176-K | 177-D | 178-Z | 179-S | 180-E | 181-H | 182-G | 183-V | 184-P | | | | | | | | |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.*

**The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 23 of this issue.**

### DEFINITIONS

A. To prognosticate.

B. The poet's inspiration.

C. Skulks or sneaks about (slang).

D. Mutually destructive.

E. Verse with internal rhyme.

F. Play by Shakespeare.

G. Babylonian deity of letters, civilization, etc.

H. Having a point (pen).

I. To get to the bottom of.

J. Sharp, keen.

K. Ecstatical.

L. Diaphragm.

M. Violent, irascible person (usually female).

N. Comrade (title used in Russian Communist party).

O. Repulsed curtly.

P. Weighed down.

Q. Required.

R. Parting wish for prosperous journey.

S. Unsound (business proposition).

T. Therefore (Latin).

U. At some time past.

V. Florid, fantastic in style.

W. Large, deep soup vessel.

X. Divination by means of salt.

Y. Primitive natural or kindred group.

Z. A type of large telescope.

### WORDS

96 13 167 69 53 21 163 121 141

131 166 153 75 142 128 3 60

172 149 111 161 6 76 36

63 177 73 169 48 114 160 95 146 120 109

145 85 134 56 180 107 81

65 24 88 158 31 35 137

115 55 98 182 155 70

164 156 40 79 181 46

174 119 4 162 49 44

78 61 50 1 138

154 127 42 51 91 176 165 71 135

117 105 99 83 148 54 90

113 92 16 116 152 19 43 123

129 173 133 10 29 66 8 175 140

2 159 143 37 82 28 106 170

74 25 32 124 184 103 52 93 58

150 59 30 11 23 132

47 130 15 27 64 112 94 86

18 125 80 110 179 136 139

45 33 126 101

144 72 100 84

38 87 108 67 183 89

147 26 62 39 118 102

122 97 20 151 9 7 14 104 41

12 17 5 68 171 157

57 34 77 22 168 178

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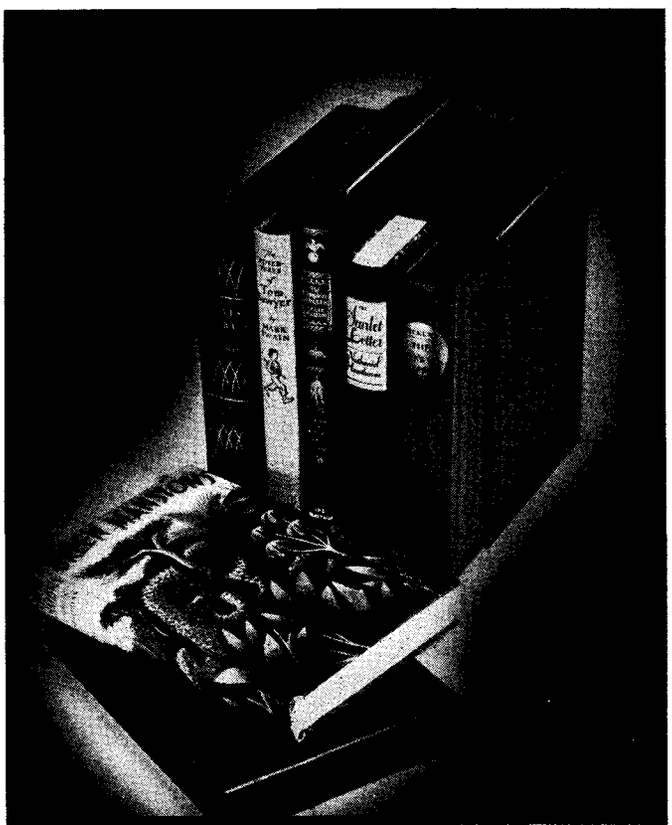

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